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OCTOBER.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

O'er hill and field October's glories fade;
O'er hill and field the blackbirds southward fly;
The brown leaves rustle down the forest glade
Where naked branches make a fitful shade,
And the last blooms of autumn withered lie.

The berries on the hedgerow ripen well,
Holly and cedar, burning bush and brier,
The partridge drums in some half hidden dell
Where all the ground is gemmed with leaves that fell
Last storm from the tall maple's fire.

The chirp of crickets and the hum of bees
Come faintly up from marsh and meadow land,
Where reeds and rushes whisper in the breeze,
And sunbeams slant between the mossgrown trees,
Green on the grass and golden on the sand.

From many a tree whose tangled boughs are bare
Lean the rich clusters of the clambering vine;
October's mellow haze dims the air
Upon the uplands and the valley, where
The distant steeples of the village shine.

Adown the brook, the dead leaves whirling go;
Above the brook, the scarlet sumacs burn;
The lonely heron sounds his note of woe
In gloomy forest swamps where rankly grow
The crimson cardinal and feathery fern.

Autumn is sad; a cold blue horizon
Darkly encircles checkered fields and farms
Where late the gold of ripening harvests shone;
But bearded grain and fragrant hay are gone,
And autumn mourns the loss of summer's charms.

Yet though our summers change and pass away,
Though dies the beauty of the hill and plain,
Though warmth and color fade with every day,
Our hearts shall change not, for hope seems to say
That all our dearest joys shall come again.

And if the flowers we nurture with such care
Must wither, though bedewed with many tears,
They shall arise in some diviner air
To bloom again more fragrant and more fair,
And gladden us through all the coming years.

The sun sinks slowly toward the far-off West,
The breeze is freshening from the far-off shore,
So come, fair eve, and bring to every breast
That sense of tranquil joy, of gentle rest,
We know in happy autumns gone before.

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

It was all over now; he was false and gone. Gone, never to return. The last evening they had clandestinely met, Rupert was late; when he came he had these flowers in his hand, a blush-pink rose and a white geranium, and he put them into hers. All that sweet romance was over; henceforth her heart must content itself with the most prosaic reality.

"Flowers!" she cried, indifferently, turning to Theresa, who was on her knees before the trunk. "Some old dried things, I suppose, that have lain there and been forgotten. Throw them down with the other rubbish, Theresa."

Theresa let the flowers fall upon the carpet amidst the odds and ends of discarded things lying there. She was resuming her packing again, when her ear caught the sound of footsteps through the open window, and she stretched up her head to look below.

"Miss Alice, here's the Lord of Pomeroy."

He had come, had he!—in spite of Mrs. Wylde's having laughingly told him that according to the rules of etiquette, a bridegroom must not see his bride on the eve of his wedding-day. It was not "etiquette" that could keep Guy Pomeroy from her he loved.

Alice knew she must go to him. And why should she not? was he not to be her husband ere many hours had passed? But the current of her thoughts had been turned to the events which she had latterly striven to bury, and, as she went down an impulse arose—long afterwards she used to wonder why it should so have risen—to speak of them to Guy. Have we not all been unaccountably swayed by such, without rhyme or reason?

Entering the room where he stood alone, waiting for her, she stopped his words of greeting and put away unconsciously his hand. It was just as though some instinct compelled her to speak and as if she had not a minute left to do it in.

"Guy, did you deceive me when you told me that—that ill of Rupert?"

The Lord of Pomeroy turned his eyes upon her. "Why do you ask that now?"

"Were I to find, later, that you had deceived me, it would be bad for us both; for you and for me," she dreamily said.

"Deceived you in what respect?"

"About Sybilla Gaunt."

"The Lords of Pomeroy disdain deceit," was his reply. "The fact of Rupert's remaining away so long might convince you that he is with *her*, or with some other equally potent attraction, without any further proof."

"True, true," she murmured. "Forgive me, Guy."

Guy Pomeroy bent towards her, and would have sealed his forgiveness, but was met by a gesture of repression. "Don't please," she faintly said, as she drew away.

A passing scowl contracted Guy's face. When these little episodes peeped out, showing how utterly she disliked him, he felt at war with her, with Rupert, with the world, and with Heaven.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STORM.

It was the first day of June; looking at the weather, it might have been pronounced November; rarely, indeed, has June seen such a day as that. But, if the weather was bad, the inhabitants of Abbeyland were unusually active and gay, all, their best attire donned, making the most of their holiday. Windows and casements seemed alive with heads; groups gathered under shelter in doorways, in the shops, and in the blacksmith's forge, all watching the road in a flutter of expectation, for Guy, Lord of Pomeroy was to pass with his bride.

Twice already had the gazers been gratified. Once when the string of carriages, containing the bride and her friends, had gone forth to the chapel attached to Pomeroy Abbey; and again at the conclusion of the ceremony, when they went back to the White House to breakfast, the bride then sitting by her lord in his new and handsome chariot. A chariot emblazoned with the old arms and quarterings of the Pomeroys, and drawn by four greys, splendidly caparisoned. A goodly sight, indeed; but what a day!

Fair and calm and lovely had the weather been throughout the past month, and when the people of Abbeyland went to rest the previous evening it had appeared as settled as fair. In the morning when they rose, the sky was of a dark lead color, gloomy and threatening clouds overspread the earth like a pall, and a sighing wind swept along in mournful wails, now dropping to a low dirge, now moaning, as it seemed, from all quarters, and battling in fury. No rain fell as yet, no lightning came to terrify the timid, no thunder to appal them; but if ever the elements were gathering for sure warfare, they were that morning. And in this threatening weather the bride and her train went forth to the chapel at mid-day.

A bride bright and beautiful was she; and so she looked as she stood before the array of priests in her chaplet of white roses and orange-blossoms, the veil thrown back from her face, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed to brilliancy. All signs of happiness, quoth the company around, arrayed in their feathers and their laces; they little suspected that it was but the flush of excitement, of misery if you will; or that she had disliked the Lord of Pomeroy, while she passionately loved another.

How fortunate Alice Wylde was, they deemed, to have gained that prize in the matrimonial lottery for which many had striven! And she, flighty, vain, ill-trained, worse-disciplined, disappointed in him whom she had loved, had thought she could not do better than hasten to be somebody else's wife, if only to be revenged on the false lover; and when that somebody chanced to be the Lord of Pomeroy, to be raised to whose position she might have counted the world well-lost, Alice Wylde had not hesitated. Some right-minded girls might have shrunk from the indelicacy of marrying one brother when they had loved the other. Not so Alice Wylde. To be Lady of Pomeroy she would have sacrificed more than any trifling reluctance that might haunt her of that kind.

And there she knelt in the chapel by the bridegroom's side, promising to be to him ever a loving and faithful wife. The sisters, Isabel, the wife of the Honorable Mr. Capel, and Joan Pomeroy, stood near her; Joan smartly attired for once. Next to them was the bride's mother, resplendent in satins. The greater portion of this gorgeous crowd were guests for the day only, to be entertained at the White House; where, according to popular belief, feasting was to prevail all day; and in the evening the bride and bridegroom would take up their abode at the abbey.

That such a morning should have arisen, so unnatural in the sweet month of June, struck all with dismay. We like the sun to shine at festivals. During the ceremony in the chapel, the darkness grew deeper, a darkness rarely experienced in the day-time. His Eminence the Cardinal, who had travelled down to preside at the nuptial mass, had to rub his spectacles. The old Gothic chapel with its narrow casements, in keeping with the Gothic abbey beside it, became so obscure that one countenance could not be distinguished from another, and when the bride was required to write her name in the book, she objected, saying that she could not see. One of the tapers used in the ceremony was brought near, and by its light she wrote what was required of her. In this gloom, at the conclusion of the ceremony, but still in no rain, the procession took its way back to the White House, where the bridal entertainments were held.

And so the hours passed; the spectators, gathered in the cottages in Abbeyland, feasting a little on their own score, and gossiping away the day until the last instalment of the pageantry should pass and gladden their sight.

Evening came. And with it the jarring storm that had strangely held off so long; wind, rain, thunder, lightning; in the midst of which Guy Pomeroy must bring forth his bride to conduct her to the abbey. The Lords of Pomeroy condescended not to the wedding tour, a fashion introduced of later years; the former lords had taken their brides straight from their maiden to their wedded home, and the modern lords disdained to abjure the custom.

"Why do they tarry?" uttered Whittaker's wife to a knot of neighbors, who had collected within her dwelling-house. Naomi Rex, from the forest, made one of them. She had been at the abbey, and in the chapel, and had now come to Whittaker's with her niece Bridget. The old woman had white satin ribbons on her cap, and Bridget was as smart as she dare be. "Half-past seven's the clock," continued Rhode Whittaker, "and they were to have come forth on the stroke of the hour."

"Why, they tarry for the weather, to be sure," spoke her husband, the second keeper.

"Nay, then they may put off their bridal garments, and Madam Wylde may just have 'em for the night," retorted Rhode Whittaker, who liked nothing so much as the sound of her own tongue. "There's no chance of this storm slackening; and that the Lord of Pomeroy may see for himself."

"At three o'clock, the banquet was to be. Why don't they come?"

"Don't be impatient, you women," exclaimed Whittaker himself, who was standing at the open door, half in, half out. "They'll come, all in time; trust the Lord of Pomeroy for that. A bad day, sir," he added, touching his hat to his master, John Gaunt, who was passing.

"Aunt Rhode," screamed out a girl of nineteen, "I wouldn't be married on such a day as this, if I had to stop single all my life. It bodes ill luck."

"Hush sh-sh!" came the prolonged caution from several lips. It was a bold tongue in Abbeyland that dared hint at ill-luck for a Pomeroy.

"There's nobody here but ourselves," returned the girl, in a subdued tone. "And I didn't send the storm. It's come, and there can't be harm in saying that it is. To me it seems to bode frightful luck."

"The same thing has been in my mind all day," whispered Naomi Rex, from the arm-chair, near the fire. "When I got up this morning, and saw the dead ghostly look of things—yes, you may question it, but they had a blue ghostly look, just as they had that day last year when the heavens were darkened for—what was it called?—the eclipse of the sun, and the cocks set on to crow at mid-day. So it has looked all day since. Thought I to myself—if ever there's ill-luck meant to be foreshadowed, it must be, this day, for the Lord and new Lady of Pomeroy. As Mary Lamp says, we did not send the storm; but as it is here, I see not why it should not be spoken of—and the fear it brings to thoughtful minds."

"And, I just ask you all," returned the girl, delighted at being upheld in her treason by so eminent an authority as Naomi Rex, "did you ever see such lightning, or hear such thunder? Aunt Rhode knows it, though she snubs me. Hark to that peal!"

"Yes, Mary Lamp's right—it is a storm, and a day altogether out of the common," assented Naomi. "Hardly a minute of this blessed day but my silent prayers have been going up to Heaven, that the ill it too surely seems to portend may be averted."

"Strange the lord didn't have his brother, Mr. Rupert, to the wedding," cried a woman who was mounted on a chair. "Perhaps, Mr. Rupert don't care for weddings."

"He'd care for the feasting that is to come after it, though. There's to be open house at the abbey for nine days to come, and the lord and the lady are to top the feasting tables."

"I wish Mr. Rupert had been the heir," exclaimed Mary Lamp, enthusiastically. "He's a rare brave man to speak to, with a merry eye; but the lord's as cold as a stone."

An unlucky remark; the girl nearly got buffeted. The gay Rupert was not held in the favor that the lord was, for his faults were certainly not those of being cold or stony; and though the community did not praise him, it would not blame. Harsh tongues were let loose upon the girl.

"Thee'dst better not get within ken o' Mr. Rupert's merry eye, I can tell thee that, girl, or may be thee'dst find thy own the sadder for it," said an old man who sat in the opposite chair to Naomi.

The girl looked as though she would like to rebel. "I don't care," cried she; "you are all ready to lie down and let the lord step over you as he walks, but he's not half the pleasant lord that his father was, nor that Mr. Rupert would have made; I said no more than that, and where's the ill of it? T'other day he was riding out of the bean-field, none of the grooms after him, and I pulled the gate back for him and held it wide. He rode through, as stiff as a log of wood, never so much as saying thank ye, or turning his eye to see who it was, holding it."

"He is the Lord of Pomeroy, and we are his vassals," replied Mrs. Whittaker. "And you had better not talk so free, Mary Lamp. Holy Virgin! did you see that flash?"

"Here's somebody else to see," cried Whittaker, putting his head round the door-post again. "They be coming at last."

In spite of the wind and the pelting rain—in spite of the forked dangerous lightning and the resounding thunder, out went the younger women, leaving the windows for the aged. Out they pressed from all parts and from all quarters, until the road seemed lined, as by magic—to see those whom they had seen hundreds of times before.

But not in their bridal attire; and that was worn now. It had not been put off. The wreath of roses and orange-blossoms was yet on the bride's head, the flowing veil still fell behind her; but her cheeks' crimson had gone. The Lord of Pomeroy sat by her in his towering height; she looked as a little girl beside him; and his ever-pale complexion was not a whit less ghastly than usual, and his harelip was only too conspicuous. But for that lip and the unnaturally white skin, he would have been a very handsome man; handsome in a degree he was now, for his features, save the upper lip, were perfectly formed, his grey eyes were beautiful, and his height and figure of noble presence.

"She's pale now," cried one of the women; "she doesn't like the storm."

"*I* shouldn't," put in Mary Lamp. "Is Jeffs making his horses go slowly that we may see the better?"

"Pshaw, child!" rebuked a man who was standing next her. "Don't you see that Jeffs is keeping his reins tight over 'em? If he let 'em get their heads, they'd be off. Those dumb creatures be more frightened at a storm like this than are human people."

Jeffs, the coachman, sat on his box, seeming, indeed, to have as much as he could manage in the four grey horses. The carriage had been waiting at the White House at seven o'clock; and the half hour after it had struck before the lord and his bride came forth.

In that space of time the horses had become thoroughly frightened by the storm, almost unmanageable; and Jeffs, keeping his own place on the hammercloth, was reduced to the humiliation (very great to him) of ordering the two footmen to hold the heads of the leaders. So that this proud office, of which Jeffs had thought so much—that of driving home his lord and his new lady—had partially collapsed; the glitter and glare had been taken off it. From the time of starting from the White House, the storm seemed to grow worse with every minute, the horses to become more terrified, and Jeffs had his hands full.

"Pray the patron saint of the Pomeroys to keep back that lightning, or I shan't master 'em!" ejaculated he to himself, just as they were passing the dwelling of Whittaker.

The patron saint was deaf to poor Jeffs. For, in the very next moment a flash came, worse than any preceding it. It was followed by an awful crash of thunder; the horses reared, plunged, curveted, and finally started away at a mad pace. The two footmen, standing up behind in purple and silver, with their gold-headed canes, bent aside in dismay to look beyond the chariot, to see whither they might be going.

"Holy Mary, help us!" uttered Jeffs. "A pretty wedding-day this is!"

And, if they were frightened, these hardy men, what must the young bride have been? She uttered a faint scream as the horses dashed onwards, started partially up, and seized the handle of the carriage door to open it. Guy drew her down again.

"Alice, what are you thinking of? It would be certain death."

She turned her white and terror stricken face upon him. "Better walk to the abbey, through the storm and the rain, than be at the mercy of these wild horses."

"They are frightened, like you, my dearest. Jeffs can manage them. See, they are slackening their speed."

"We had better walk—if we could but get out! Oh, Guy, let us walk!"

He shook his head. It was a perilous situation, growing more perilous with every flash; but their best chance, indeed, their only chance, lay in keeping quiet within the closed carriage.

"Guy, what a day!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears of present terror; while a vague, undefined feeling of dread pervaded her as to the future. "I wish we had put it off until to-morrow. Theresa suggested it when she saw what dreadful weather it was—but mamma laughed at her."

Guy Pomeroy did not answer. He hastily turned her face towards him, so that she could not see out, and held it there, as if caressingly. The horses were at their worst. Now galloping, now rearing, plunging, and stamping in fury, and now galloping again, on they went. Guy sat, upright and calm, and she clung to him; the terrified footmen, putting life before etiquette, managed to get carefully down and reach terra firma. One fell as he let go his hold, the other staggered; but they were in safety. They ran after the carriage with their sticks, just as many of the spectators, who had been standing to see it pass, were also running. Jeffs had lost all command, and the horses were as furies.

The Lord of Pomeroy put his head out at the front window, and called aloud to his trusty coachman. "Jeffs, take care; tighten the left rein, or they'll pass the turning." And down he sat again, and shielded his bride's face as before. She was shivering. "Courage, my love," he whispered; "another minute or two, and we shall be in the more sheltered drive, close to the abbey."

Jeffs was skilful and experienced, and Jeffs "took care," as his lord enjoined; but skill and care are sometimes powerless to arrest the career of animals, frightened to madness. The rein was tightened in vain; the horses would not turn on their proper path but dashed blindly forward beyond it. And those, following behind, uttered a shrill cry of despair as the horses passed it and tore onwards, for they were plunging on to a dangerous road—a road that on one side had no protection. The lord saw his danger; but he thought far less of it than of keeping its sight from her. She struggled her face free, in spite of him, and looked up.

"We are on the precipice!" she shrieked. "Oh, Guy, we are on the precipice!"

"Hush, hush, child!" he implored with strained lips. "If Jeffs can keep them on the road, we are safe; they will stop at the hill. Don't scream Alice, it may increase their terror. I think the storm is somewhat abating."

Her voice died away, and she remained as quiet as a lamb, hiding her face upon his breast, clasping him with a tight, nervous clasp; in that strong form, although she did not love it, there seemed to be protection; but she shook so, that she almost caused him to shake, betraying how excessive was her alarm. The storm, that had seemed to lull for a moment, raged again in its fury, and the horses raged in theirs; now kicking, now foaming, now rearing themselves bolt upright. Jeffs was flung from the box; and, in a second more, horses, carriage, and inmates had rolled down the precipice, on to the grass.

The fall had not been more than some few feet: had the horses gone further, it would have been much greater, for the hill gradually ascended to height, where it overlooked the sea. The runners, their senseless shouts died away into horror-stricken silence, passed the dead body of Jeffs—dead it looked—and gazed over the side. Carriages and horses lay in a heap, an appalling mass; horses plunging, one of them shrieking. Did you ever hear the shriek of a wounded and frightened horse, reader? It is not pleasant to listen to.

Gaunt, the gamekeeper, came up first; he took out his knife and cut the traces. Two of the horses would never rise again; the other two dashed away in their freedom: and then the spectators climbed up and looked in the carriage window, the carriage lying on its side.

"Get me out," said the Lord of Pomeroy.

He was not dead, at any rate; he was bruised and shaken, and there was a deep cut on his forehead; but his poor young bride lay senseless. "She had fainted from terror," said Guy, when she was extricated from the chariot; and he gently picked her up in his arms, her light weight being but a feather in his great strength. So would he have borne her to the abbey.

"The lord had better not," interposed Gaunt, sensibly. "Should any bones be broken, it might do worse injury. Let a mattress be brought."

Guy Pomeroy sat down on the wet grass until the mattress should come, and held her to him. Water was sprinkled over her face; some one suggested that her hands should be chafed; and the gloves were drawn off. Guy took the left hand in his. Alice was wearing three or four rings. Guy drew them off, and dropped them into his waistcoat pocket.

But the rubbing and the water did not restore her to consciousness. The mattress was brought and she was borne to the abbey, and still she did not revive. Mr. Norris, the surgeon, entered it as they did; and he and Guy remained alone with her. She was placed upon a table, and the surgeon bent over her, touching her in various parts, touching her head and face, bending down his ear to her mouth and heart. A frightful terrible fear stole suddenly into Guy's breast.

"She is not dead, is she?" he gasped, controlling his voice and face to calmness.

"Oh no, she is not dead," was Mr. Norris's reply. "But I fear there might be some slight concussion of the brain."

Meanwhile poor Jeffs had been brought into the abbey and was now seated upon a couch in the housekeeper's parlor. Beyond a few bruises on the left side, the side on which he fell, and sprained wrists and an aching shoulder, Jeffs had not sustained damage. He sat there now, being comforted with a liberal supply of some delicious cordial, and was holding forth to such of the servants as could spare time from the general confusion to gather around him. No ignominy like unto this had ever fallen upon Jeffs. To have been flung from the box when he was driving the Lord and Lady of Pomeroy home on their wedding-day, so that the horses had obtained their fling and brought on the catastrophe which had ensued, would be more than enough humiliation for his lifetime.

"I'd not ha' minded if they'd killed me, the brutes, so that I had drove the lord home all right first," he protested earnestly, in a voice that had a sound of tears in it. "And for two o' that matchless grey team to be done for, and me spared!"

"But don't your shoulder give you pain, Jeffs—and all the rest of your injuries?" cried Bridget, who was sure to be at the top and tail of every gathering—when it afforded an opportunity for gossip.

"Drat my shoulder!—and my injuries!" retorted Jeffs, with scant gallantry. "What's my injuries, put alongside o' that there pitch off the box—and of them there two sweet greys?"

"Well, I didn't mean to offend you," said Bridget soothingly, who never quarrelled with anybody. "I'm sure, Jeffs, when I saw you passing with those horses all rearing and prancing, my heart was in my mouth. You were pulling at them, and no mistake."

"Pulling!—look at my sprained wrist," cried Jeffs, holding out his unfortunate hands. "Did you ever see horses in such a fright afore?"

"No," said Bridget, "and I never wish to see it again. Tom Whittaker said they put him in mind of tigers."

"What right have Tom Whittaker to call my horses tigers?"

"I'm sure they were just as fierce as tigers," insisted Bridget, who liked to have the last word. "But there—take another sup, Jeffs, and comfort yourself; you'll be better to morrow."

"My two greys won't be better," lamented Jeffs. "You'd not match that team in all the country for perfection and beauty. And for two of 'em to come to this untimely end! It'll be almost the end of me. All through the wind! A blowing, and a roaring, and driving round 'em like mad, it was. It all but whistled my state cocked-hat off."

Mr. Norris remained with the Lady of Pomeroy. They could not restore her to consciousness. Throughout the whole of the night, she did not revive; as the hours struck, one hour succeeding to the last, each found her in the same state. The doctor and the attendants waited round her bed, and Guy paced the rooms of the abbey, one room after another; now stealing in the chamber and gazing upon her, and now departing on his restless walk again.

And that was the end of the Lord of Pomeroy's wedding day.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE YOUNG LADY OF POMEROY.

A concussion of the brain it had proved to be, but not a dangerous one. Sooner than might have been expected, Mrs. Pomeroy grew better, was herself again, and progressing towards recovery.

Cautious nurses were Mrs. Wylde and Joan; could attention have cured Alice, she had been well forthwith. Guy had been excluded from the room. Guy rebelled; he thought he could make as good a nurse as the best of them. Neither would they allow her to speak, until she would be quiet no longer.

"How long have I lain here?" at length asked she of Mrs. Wylde.

"Eight days, my dear."

"This is a strange room. Is it the abbey?"

"Of course it is. It is your own room in it."

"I was married, was I not?" continued Mrs. Pomeroy.

"Why, don't you remember it?" returned her mother.

"Yes, I remember it. I lay and thought things over yesterday; and I remember the awful day—and oh, mother!" shuddering, "I remember the drive home. I remember the furious horses, and Guy holding me. Did we fall over the precipice?"

"Only at the lower part of it. The accident was a sad one," added Mrs. Wylde, "but do not recur to it now, Alice; no lives were lost. Jeffs was thought to be badly hurt at the time; but he is better. Quite well, indeed."

Mrs. Pomeroy raised herself in bed, sitting up and looking eagerly at her mother. "Did it kill Guy?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Good gracious, no, child! Don't frighten yourself with these imaginative fancies. Lie down. The Lord of Pomeroy was not hurt—to speak of." Had it been to save her credit, Mrs. Wylde could not help giving Guy Pomeroy this title upon every possible occasion; the charm it bore for her ears was beyond telling. She never called him Mr. Pomeroy; though that is what he was, in spite of the title personally accorded him. "Your beautiful white dress is the worst off; its skirts lay in the wet and muddy grass; I'll leave you to judge the state it was in. And the wreath was crushed, and the veil torn. Now, don't talk any more."

There was a few minutes' pause, and then the invalid began again. Her hands were raised before her, and she appeared to be looking at them. "If I am married, where's my wedding ring?"

"Now, Alice, how can you talk so nonsensically? 'If I am married!' You must be putting it on. Don't you remember?"

"I suppose I do," sighed Alice. "Where is my wedding ring?"

"The Lord of Pomeroy has it."

"Did Guy——"

"I will not have you talk any more," interrupted Mrs. Wylde. "Here you are talking as if you were doing it for a wager. Wait until you are stronger."

"If I did not feel equal to it, I should not talk, mamma. My head feels a little light, that is all. I must talk; it amuses me; and I am sure there's no reason why I should not."

"At any rate, Alice, there's a slight flush on your face. Lie still for a little while, and then you may talk again."

She quitted the room. Alice, compelled to silence, lay and thought; her mind very busy. By-and-by Miss Pomeroy entered.

"Joan, come here," she said. "Sit down close to me. What a shocking accident this has been!"

"It has," replied Joan, drawing a chair forward. "But you are getting better, therefore——"

"Joan, I want to ask you something—and now you answer me the truth; what you think, and whether I am not right. It

was an awful day; such a day, I should think, as has never been known, here or anywhere, and it was an awful accident; and the days previous to it were calm and beautiful, and I daresay the days subsequent have been so. Have they?"

"Yes," replied Joan, unsuspicious of her young sister-in-law's drift. "The day following the accident arose bright and lovely as the days previous had been; bearing no trace, save in the wet ground and the damaged crops, of the angry day that had intervened."

"Well, now, Joan, should you not say that it was an omen of evil for me and Guy?"

Joan would not answer. Given to superstition, as were all the Pomeroys—the very abbey itself, with its tales and its gloom, was enough to embue them with it—she had been deducing augury of ill to her brother and his wife from the strange day and accident. Others were not so silent; and Guy had been driven nearly savage by the evil prognostications whispered around him.

"You don't speak, Joan; you will not speak; and I know what that means. Here's mamma again!"

"Alice, the Lord of Pomeroy is coming in to pay you a visit."

Alice rose up in bed, startled; and looked at her mother.

"The Lord of Pomeroy! Here!"

"Yes. He is waiting now. He waylaid me in the corridor to say so."

Mrs. Pomeroy turned crimson to the roots of her hair. "I cannot see him here; in bed! He must wait until I am up and in my dressing-room: that will be in a day or two."

"Nonsense," returned Mrs. Wylde. "He is your husband, remember. We will dress you up in a shawl and a pretty cap, to look smart for the visit. Don't be fastidious."

"I *won't* see him, then," said Mrs. Pomeroy.

"How very ridiculous! he will not eat you. Why, he wanted to make one of your nurses, Alice."

Mrs. Pomeroy looked red and very indignant. "I am astonished at you, mamma!"

"I am astonished at you," returned Mrs. Wylde. "He has a right to see you, and he will exercise it. I can tell you, Alice, he is not pleased at having been kept out of your room, like a stranger; it has tried his temper and his feelings; but Mr. Norris and Dr. Bell said so much about your not being excited, that he yielded to them, and contented himself with taking a peep at you through the open door now and then."

"It is unreasonable," pouted Alice.

"You must be unreasonable yourself to say so," retorted Mrs. Wylde. "But I leave your husband to settle that with you. To tell you the truth, I knew he was coming in to day, and that's why I did not want you to fatigue yourself with talking beforehand."

Alice looked round at Joan. She was standing with compressed lips and severe expression; displeased, at least so Alice interpreted it, to hear this objection raised to a simple and, what might be called, a ceremonious visit. Guy determined, her mother determined, and Joan angry!—— Alice began to think that she might as well give in.

The Lord of Pomeroy entered; and Mrs Wylde and Joan closed the door upon him. Alice lay, well covered up; her pretty face, made "smart" in its pretty cap, nearly buried in the pillow. Guy bent down to kiss her—which was very natural.

"Oh, don't, please," cried Alice, pushing him back with her hand, and turning her face away; "my head is not strong yet, and must not be touched." But the Lord of Pomeroy was her husband now, and chose to judge for himself; and he turned her face back again and took the kiss; another and yet another, but in all gentleness. He would be far more careful of her than she was of herself. Then he sat down, spoke a little of the intense anxiety her illness had caused him, and of his deep gratitude to Him, who is the giver of all good, for her, so far, recovery. In these quiet moments, all the gentleness in his nature in full exercise, none could help liking the Lord of Pomeroy.

Alice heard him very patiently. But he had hardly finished when she began to speak somewhat eagerly.

"Guy."

"What, my dearest?"

"I want you to listen to me; I am going to say something that I have been thinking of yesterday and to-day. I never was superstitious, Guy; but it is impossible to look upon what has happened without some such kind of feeling intruding."

"The accident will have no lasting consequences," interrupted Guy Pomeroy, possibly doomed as it appeared, to hear reiterated by his bride the same song he had been obliged to hear from others.

"The accident was awful," she rejoined, with a shudder. "Oh, Guy! I never shall forget the terror I felt at the snorting and flying horses. How could you maintain your presence of mind?"

"I had you with me."

"But I look not so much at the accident itself, as at the strange wild day," she resumed. "The weather had never been like that. We have had summer storms, fatal to property and to life, but they have come naturally, Guy, and have cleared again after they had spent themselves. But that strange day was unnatural."

"It was uncommon," said the Lord of Pomeroy.

"Guy, it was unnatural. It seemed to be sent as a warning to us."

"A warning to us?"

"Yes. Not to enter into our union; the very heavens lowered their displeasure upon it."

"Alice! who has been putting these notions into your head?"

"Not anyone," she answered. "Mamma and Joan have kept me silent, not allowing me to speak, or speaking to me. I could not shut my eyes to the weather, Guy. I told Joan, just now, that it was a bad omen for me and for you."

"Joan was right."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE late Earl of Dysart was a thorough misanthrope, spending as much of his life in complete solitude as possible. His only amusement was to visit a sort of Bluebeard's chamber, where he permitted no other soul ever to enter. Here he kept his title deeds and other documents. It is said that this fact suggested to Dickens some of the details of the story of the recluse in "Great Expectations."

A LONDON correspondent says that Lord Dufferin will publish a book on his sojourn in Canada, and that Lady Dufferin is about to give to the world a volume of *vers de société*. He adds: "It is an open secret that the pencil of the Princess Louise and the pen of the Marquis of Lorne will be freely employed immediately after their arrival in Canada.

Beneath the Sea.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

Out from the English harbor, with all sails set, came the packet Normandy, bound for the coast of France. A fairer day had never with its sunshine kissed the land or sea.

Slowly the trim vessel rode in its course, a long line of light stretching from its bow to the setting sun, making it appear like some golden road that reached from earth to heaven.

A singular silence had come over the bark and its living freight. The last cheers of the people on the pier had died away in the distance, and those on the deck, having ceased to respond, stood leaning on the bulwarks gazing thoughtfully shorewards.

Only as the breath of the fitful breeze suffered some sail to flap against the mast was the strange silence broken.

No engine pulsated down beneath the well scrubbed deck, for not yet had the mind of man achieved that crowning glory of invention. Time and Space still held their own on the waste of waters—and the genius that was to make a mockery of them had not yet been born.

So the passengers knew that even with the most favorable winds the sun must sink and rise again ere they can bid adieu to the vessel's wooden walls, and tread the soil of France.

A momentary gilding of the wide Channel's breast with a glorious radiance and twilight—the vanguard of coming gloom—prepares to take the mastery.

John Hervey, pilot and captain—bronzed and stern faced—leaves the helm to an under-officer, and mingles with his passengers.

A few courteous words here or there, and he addressed himself to a lady sitting alone near the main cabin. She raised her eyes at the sound of his footsteps and revealed a sweet girlish face, as beautiful as a dream of morning.

"It's a good omen, Hester," was his greeting, as he sat beside her, "that the first step in our new existence should be so bright, so promising, and—let us pray to God it may never change."

She only answered "Amen," hardly audibly, but with a tone whose depth and sweetness told the hope came from her inmost soul.

As they walked about that evening enjoying the balmy air and the lovely prospect, many who knew the truth, saw the couple and silently invoked the blessing of Heaven on her—on him.

For to-day had seen the realization of the Captain's dearest aspirations. The ship he stood upon was his own—paid for with the proceeds of years of toil—and the maiden was his wife, the bride of only a day, but his love in manhood and in youth.

Darkness came, and only those whose presence duty required, remained above. The Captain gave the necessary orders for the night, and then, after an instinctive look at the sky, went below himself.

Ten o'clock or more, and the breeze increasing. Occasional clouds obscure the stars, and the waves, as they dash against the prow or strike the sides, have a hollow, echoing sound that seems like the moaning of articulate speech.

Midnight, and the heavens are completely enveloped in a cloak of gloom. Aye, worse even, for one of those sudden thick fogs that come at times with the speed of the whirlwind in the Channel, hangs around the vessel, as though it were a coffin and its pall.

"Lieutenant!—Mr. Locarby!"

The officer, who was near the main mast, peering anxiously out into the darkness, started and quickly walked aft as he heard the nervous voice of the helmsman.

"Well, what is it?"

"I have lost my reckoning. We were to have the moon to-night, but this cursed fog has upset my calculations. Hadn't you better call the Captain?"

Locarby is evidently about to make a sarcastic reply, when a sudden lurch of the packet throws him against the taffrail. The straining and stretching of the sails and cordage overhead also warn him that the wind is blowing fresher every minute. It will likely become a gale.

With a cry to the sailors to reef the sails, he takes the tiller himself, and bids the other arouse the Captain.

The deft fingers of the tars soon relieve the mast of extra pressure, and the packet eases. But a moment later it needs not the fierce wild cry of Captain Hervey to tell him of the danger.

"For God's sake, port!"

And up he rushes and seizes the helm from his subordinate's hands, his eyes almost starting from their sockets as he drags on the wheel.

The tiller ropes have become wedged in the groove and will not move. The Normandy is unmanageable!

Like a mountain from the now dashing, frothing waters rises a huge black giant of gloom.

It is not a cloud, for the quick, trained sense of the skilled sailor sees only too clearly the fearful truth.

The ship is helplessly drifting towards the Needles, the most dangerous and fatal rocks in the English Channel.

It is but the work of a moment for the Captain to seize an axe and with one blow sever the ropes.

The packet suddenly swings round with a fearful crash, but it is too late.

With a dull, rumbling groan the ship strikes, and the curse that falls from the lips of Captain Hervey is hardly lost in the terrified shriek of agony that comes from below.

In an instant all is confusion.

After the collision the Normandy slips from the ledge, and the water is rushing through the opening into the hull.

Half-clad in night garments, crying, shrieking, blaspheming, praying, wondering, come the half-demented passengers on deck.

There are no intermediate stages of thought in an accident at sea. 'Tis but one step from the Eden of the dreamer to almost certain death.

Over all is heard the voice of Captain Hervey.

"Cut away the boats!"

The sailors, prompt at the word, are lowering them from the davits, when the ship's carpenter appears.

A bold and faithful man he had, as his duty demanded, at the risk of his life examined the leak.

"She will sink in five minutes!"

A howl like that of infuriated beasts, and the passengers pell-mell rush for the gangway.

With one stride the Captain confronts them.

"The women and children first!" he simply says, and snatching the pistol Locarby, who is beside him, holds in his belt, he draws back the lock.

Ere a soul has stepped from the vessel to the boats that are now launched, a small, wiry, baldheaded man, shaking with terror, advances from the throng crowding round the ladder and cries:

"It's your work, Captain Hervey. You over-insured the Normandy to destroy her. You shall answer, sir, to the law for your criminal neglect, and for intended murder."

It was not known then, but it came out afterwards that this individual is a secret attache of one of the great underwriting companies of London.

As owner of the Normandy, John Hervey had insured her heavily, far above, perhaps, what some might have considered her just value. But it must be remembered that in it and on it is his world, and who could estimate her as he did.

"You shall answer for your crime," the man repeats; but the Captain, though his brow grows whiter, never moves a muscle.

Lieutenant Locarby, who superintends the transferral, as the first boat, scarcely loaded, leaves the ship's side, asks:

"Captain, how many?"

"Sixty—fifteen for each!"

There are sixty-one, but he does not count himself.

Another of the launches with its precious cargo, rowed by lusty arms, followed its predecessor out to sea.

The Normandy at the fore-end is now entirely beneath the water, and those on deck scarce keep their footing. Many are the scenes of selfish terror enacted, but not a man dared step into the frail hope afforded till the children and the women are provided for.

All but one—the captain's wife, Hester.

She refused Locarby's offered hand, and though pale as death, clings to the rail by her husband.

"My place is by his side," she says.

"No! my love, go," he bids her, "I shall be the last."

"My place is by your side," she repeated, "I will not go."

The work of embarkation is continued, though the Normandy has begun to reel like a drunken man, and is slowly slipping back. Half the foremast is submerged. And but four persons remain.

The insurance agent, scowling at the white-faced captain, steps into the waiting boat.

Lieutenant Locarby follows.

"Mrs. Hervey," he cried, standing up in the stern, "your hand. Captain!"

The packet seems to settle in the ocean like a man nestling for a deep sleep.

Captain Hervey does not immediately answer. A sudden rising of his arm, a sharp report, and the *attaché* falls over the thwarts, dead, a bullet through his brains. He then speaks: "I shall die at my post, and die as I have lived, without the suspicion of a stain upon my good name."

The raging waves are now playing about his feet. Hester, her head upon his bosom, has thrown her arms about his neck.

A second will be fatal to all. The suction of the sinking Normandy will swamp them. Locarby, with a strong effort, pushed the launch beyond the line of danger.

But the lieutenant cannot turn his eyes from the fated ship, and the last of the Normandy is a loud convulsive gulp, as the wild waters meet above its deck and a man and woman, clasped in each other's embrace, their faces turned towards heaven, sink with it slowly beneath the sea.

A Short Wooing.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

"Twenty thousand pounds, I am told," said Captain Franklin.

"Twenty thousand fiddlesticks!" exclaimed young Leighton.

"I mean it, I assure you," said Franklin. "General Rowton says it is well known in the county."

"Well, she is certainly a most lovely creature," said Leighton; "and I shall get introduced, and ask her to dance. What a bag of bones that little dark girl is beside her! I don't like bones."

"Well, I am not partial to bones myself, Leighton," returned Franklin; "but I think you do the 'little dark girl,' as you call her, an injustice; she is thin, certainly, but——"

"Oh bother your 'buts,'" exclaimed Leighton; "I'm off, man."

Cornet Leighton stroked his incipient moustache, and crossed the room with a view to introduction to the belle of the night, with whom in a few minutes his friend Captain Franklin beheld him whirling round the salon in a waltz. Franklin smiled thoughtfully to himself, and after a few moments' consideration, followed his friend's example, and successfully sought an introduction to the "little dark girl."

It was the occasion of a ball given by the officers of the regiment, and the scene was of course a brilliant one.

The young ladies, of whom mention has been made, were the daughter and niece of a neighboring county magistrate, Miss Madeline March, his daughter and heiress, and the short dark girl, Aurora March, the daughter of his brother, an officer who had fallen in the Indian Mutiny. She was said to have no fortune, but to be almost as great a favorite with her uncle as was his own daughter.

The two officers, who were partners to the young girls, were fast friends, and belonged to the same regiment. Captain Franklin was considerably the senior, being from eight-and-twenty to thirty years of age, whereas the cornet was a mere stripling of twenty one or two.

Frank Leighton, however, (barring his good opinion of himself,) was not a bad fellow; and he had a great advantage in having Captain Franklin as his Mentor. The captain had known the youth from his cradle, and loved him with a sincere affection, which was as warmly repaid.

Curiously enough the same close friendship existed between Aurora and Madeline March, although the difference as to age was not so great here. Madeline, who was perhaps four-and-twenty, was about three years her cousin's senior in reality, but at least a dozen in disposition. Madeline, in fact, possessed "character," while Aurora's temperament was utterly colorless. Hence the influence which the small, dark, and almost plain girl had over the tall, fair, regal beauty, was very great.

Now, although young Leighton, according to the usual fashion of youths of his class, was in the habit of speaking as if it were imperatively necessary that he should marry an heiress, he was in fact possessed of a very handsome property. His friend Franklin, on the contrary, had little beyond his pay, and found it a matter of extreme difficulty to keep up the appearances demanded by his position.

"How nice it must be to be rich, Mr. Leighton!" said Aurora March, naïvely. "As rich as your friend, Captain Franklin," continued Aurora. "He is enormously rich, isn't he?"

"He is the dearest fellow in the world," replied the astonished cornet, "and I don't know whatever I should do without Harry; but as to his being rich, I——"

But Aurora was fastening her bracelets, and the remainder of the sentence was lost in the renewal of the waltz.

"I hear you are great friends, you and Mr. Leighton," remarked Madeline to her partner. "I like to hear that. Men are so hollow and artificial in their friendships now-a-days."

"They are indeed, Miss March," he replied; "but I could not love Frank better if he were my young brother, or my son."

Madeline looked archly at the grave, handsome face, and smiled, as she thought to herself that it did not look by any means patriarchal.

"Aurora and I are devoted friends," she said."

"Aurora?" said her partner, puzzled.

"My cousin—Miss March," she explained.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said he; "she is very beautiful."

"That she is," said Madeline, warmly; "and as amiable as beautiful. And, by the way, your young friend seems beginning to be of my opinion."

Franklin glanced at the young couple, and returned his partner's meaning smile. "Yes," he replied; "Frank is a lucky fellow."

"What a pity he is not rich!" said Madeline, sympathisingly. "I can assure you, Captain Franklin, we have heard all about you from dear old General Rowton, who is a great friend of my uncle's. Ah, now, if you are really disposed to prove your friendship, you, with your great wealth, why not make over a portion of it to that charming young man?"

"I! with my great wealth!" stammered Franklin, in intense amaze. "What the duce can Rowton mean?" he said to himself.

Madeline, intent on her bouquet, appeared not to remark his surprise, and the renewed strains of the waltz caused this pair, as it had done the younger couple, to move on.

The dance came to an end, as most things will do, and in the interval, young Leighton joined his friends in a sort of temporary conservatory.

"Just think, Harry," said he; "I do think that Aurora March is the jolliest girl I ever met with. Only fancy, a girl like that with twenty thousand pounds! Why an heiress is generally the most stuck-up piece of goods on the habitable earth. And that brick, old March, has asked all of 'Ours' who can go, to join in a monster picnic next week. Of course you'll go?"

"Of course I shall," was the reply. "The old fellow asked me too. And as for jolly girls, Frank, I think that Madeline March beats anything I ever met with. Shouldn't wonder if we made a double match of it, Franky. That'll be the order of things, you know, the two poor ones together, and the two rich."

"Oh, by the way, my dear fellow," broke in Frank, "Aurora March, told me you were awfully rich; what can she mean?"

"Hanged if I know. Some dodge of old Rowton's," said Franklin. "He's a funny old fellow, It's a plant—some 'Comedy of Errors,' got up for his own private amusement. Let's circumvent him," said Frank.

"With all my heart, Frank; but we must first find out his motive."

At this moment the old officer in question advanced towards them with a sly twinkle in his eye.

"What are you two holding a council of war about there?" he inquired.

"No treason, general," said Franklin.

"I'm not so sure of that," said the general. "Young Frank is too fond of practical jokes."

"It is not a question of a practical joke on his part, general," said Leighton. "But we rather fancy some one has played a joke upon us."

"Oh, indeed!" returned the general demurely, but with a latent humor about his mouth; "that would really be reversing the order of affairs. What! the joker, the jest-maker of the 'mess,' himself made a joke of! Sad, sad! But I am wanted at the card table, I see."

Patting the cornet good-humoredly on the shoulder, the general started off to the enjoyment of his rubber.

"He's at the bottom of it!" said Captain Franklin.

"Sly old fox!" said Leighton.

The day of the pic-nic fortunately turned out as fine as could have been desired, even had the party themselves had the ordering of the weather. The spot selected was about seven miles from town, and thither the party were conveyed in several four-horse drags. A most lovely *locale* was pitched upon for the out-door feast—a fine circular piece of green turf, surrounded on all sides by woods of oak and pine, thickly fringed with deep undergrowth of fern and bramble.

Somehow it happened—let those who have experienced such occurrences explain how—that Captain Franklin and Madeline March found themselves shortly after the banquet had been concluded, apart from the rest of the party. The place to which they had unconsciously wandered was, it must be admitted, one well suited to a *tete-a tete*, without much fear of interruption. Here then Captain Franklin and his fair companion found themselves conversing. Madeline was embarrassed, visibly so, and was urging the advisability of returning to the others, which contingency Captain Franklin endeavored as anxiously to avoid.

"I promised General Rowton to be his partner at croquet."

The captain was very nearly saying, "Hang General Rowton!" but checked himself. Then, by one of the strange inspirations which sometimes urge a man to "take the tide at the flood," and probably impelled also by the favorable opportunity, he said in a low, firm, thrilling tone, "Madeline, will you take me for a partner for life?"

Madeline was completely taken by surprise. She paused, blushing and trembling, and utterly unable to find words.

"Will you, Madeline, will you?" asked the captain. "I cannot make professions, but I will try to make you happy."

There was the genuine "ring" in his voice, and Madeline felt it. His very brevity betrayed his earnestness.

Slowly yet steadily came the answer, "Yes, I will."

The captain kissed her—only once, hesitatingly and respectfully—yet in this brief wooing each understood the other.

"I have but little more than my pay, dearest Madeline," said Franklin, "but I have expectations."

"Ah!" inquired Madeline, with an amused glance. "Well, Harry, I have myself a trifle—every little helps, you know—which will be of use to us."

"Oh, Madeline, as it——"

"You don't ask me how much it is," she said, interrupting him. "You are not mercenary, then. Come, ask me how much it is."

"Well, dearest, how much is it?" he asked, laughingly.

"Twenty thousand pounds," said Madeline, demurely.

"Madeline!" exclaimed the astonished captain.

"It really is, I assure you," said Madeline, smilingly. "But as for you, sir, what has become of your enormous wealth?"

"My enormous wealth never existed except in your own imagination," he replied.

"And General Rowton's," she said, wickedly.

"Oh, Madeline, do explain that mystery?" he said, eagerly.

"Well, I think I can," said Madeline. "You see the general is an old and dear friend of my father's, and though you may perhaps scarcely credit it, he is extremely fond of me."

"Oh, I can quite credit that," said Franklin.

"The dear old man is eccentric," she continued, "and he imagined that if I were known to be an heiress I should be snapped up by some fortune-hunter, and so he——"

"Reversed the positions of yourself and your cousin?"

"Exactly," said Madeline.

"But do you think that was fair to her?" he asked.

"Oh her father can give her a pretty good fortune, though he is not rich. Besides Aurora consented to the imposition."

"H'm!" said the captain; "well, do you know, I suspect my friend yonder is asking her the same question that I asked you."

Madeline looked down and smiled.

"Do you think he will get the same answer as I got, Madeline?"

"Well, I think it is possible," she replied. "But what a pity he is so poor."

"Poor!" echoed the captain; "who said so?"

"Why, General Rowton," replied Madeline.

Captain Franklin smiled triumphantly. "Now you see, Madeline," said he, "what it is to be so over clever. You managed your little plot, as you thought, very cleverly; but the wily old general has outwitted you."

"How?" asked Madeline, somewhat disconcerted.

"Why, Frank is as rich as a man need wish to be; and I, whom you thought rich, have nothing. Confess the general has been one too many for all of us."

"Well, I confess it," said Madeline. "But how charmingly it has turned out! I have money for you, and Mr. Leighton has money for Aurora. 'All's well that end's well.'"

"And here it ends, I suspect, darling," said Captain Franklin, as Mr. March and General Rowton appeared, arm-in-arm, and advanced laughingly towards the pair.

"Well, have you discovered my little *ruse*?" asked the general, mischievously. "But I see you have."

"Yes, general," said Captain Franklin; "and I pardon you the manœuvre, in consideration of the results of your stratagem."

The general bowed most heroically.

"Come, that's well said," cried Mr. March, shaking hands cordially with Franklin. "Though I don't approve of long engagements, yet this is shorter work than usual. However, you're old enough to know your own minds," he added, turning to the blushing Madeline; "and, quick as you've been, Aurora has been beforehand with you," he added, pointing to the other end of the walk, along which Frank Leighton and Aurora were seen advancing towards them.

"And now," put in General Rowton, "suppose we have that promised game at 'croquet?'"

ERUPTIONS OF VESUVIUS.

This remarkable volcano, which is now in a state of eruption, stands on the east shore of the Bay of Naples, Italy, and about ten miles from the city. It stands alone on the Plain of Campania upon a base of about thirty miles in circumference. In its upper portion it divides into two peaks, one of which, called the Somma, attains the height of 3,747 feet above the sea; and the other, known as Vesuvius, reaches an elevation of 3,948 feet, but varies both in height and shape in consequence of the eruptions of the volcano.

Vesuvius is often mentioned by ancient Roman writers without allusion to its volcanic character. The first recorded eruption occurred in August, A. D. 79, and it was during this that the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried beneath the ashes. The materials ejected from the mountain were scoriæ and ashes alone, the quantities of which exceeded its own bulk; and in the occasional eruptions which succeeded, these were the only volcanic products until the year 1068, when the first flow of lava occurred. The total number of its great eruptions, down to the present time, has been about sixty, and some of them have been remarkable for the vast movements taking place in a short time. Between the years 1306 and 1631 no eruption occurred, except a slight one in 1500. But throughout this period Etna was in a state of unusual activity, and this, perhaps, gave vent to elastic vapors and lava that would otherwise have found a passage through the craters of Vesuvius.

The eruption in 1631 was accompanied with great currents of lava, which flowed over most of the villages at the base of the mountain, and at the same time torrents of boiling water were sent forth. The eruption of 1779 is described as among the grandest and most terrible of these phenomena. White sulphurous smoke, like heaps of cotton, rose up four times as high as the volcano, and spread about to a proportional extent. In June, 1794, occurred a terrible eruption, which destroyed the town of Torre del Greco. A single stream of lava was estimated by Breislak as containing more than 46,000,000 cubic feet. The eruption of 1832 broke up the whole top of the mountain and formed an elliptical chasm about three miles in circumference, and supposed to be 2,000 feet deep. In May, 1855, the floods of lava destroyed the village of Cercolo.

An eruption of great violence occurred in December, 1861. The disturbances commenced on Sunday morning, the 8th, in tremblings of the ground. In the afternoon a large opening was made in the ground a little above Torre del Greco, about half way up the mountain, which was soon followed by others, from all of which proceeded terrific explosions and jets of flame. Streams of lava poured forth, and on the morning of the 9th were flowing in a current half a mile broad. The explosions, like the sound of heavy artillery, continued till towards evening, and at night were succeeded by the most brilliant display of electric lights, forked lightning and columns of fire and smoke continually rising from the crater. The convulsions continued for several days, and even up to January 7, 1862, the trembling of the earth had not ceased. The effect of this eruption was to materially alter the shape of Vesuvius, deepening the old crater and forming several new ones. The nature of the present eruption remains to be determined, but it is thought it will be one of considerable violence. The base of the new cone is now covered with lava, which is flowing down the sides of the mountain in a stream of considerable size. Much alarm is felt in the villages at the foot of the mountain, the inhabitants being prepared for flight upon the appearance of danger.

HOW ENGLAND REWARDS TITLED SERVANTS.—England still pays the following annuities out of the public purse: $20,000 a year to the heirs and descendants of William Penn forever; $15,000 to the heirs of the Duke of Schomberg; $50,000 hereditary pension to the Earl of Bath; $30,000 to the person to whom the title of Earl Nelson shall descend; $20,000 to whom the title of Duke of Marlborough shall descend; $5,000 to the representatives of Jeffrey, Earl Amherst; $10,000 to the heirs male on whom the title of Viscount Exmouth shall descend; $10,000 to all and every the heirs male on whom the title of Lord Rodney shall descend; $3500 hereditary pension to the Earl of Kinnoul. The following are not among the perpetual pensions, but are payable during the life of the present holder of the title mentioned and his next successor: The Duke of Wellington, $20,000 a year; Viscount Hardinge, $15,000; Viscount Combermere, $10,000; Lord Seaton, $10,000; Lord Keane, $10,000; Lord Gough, $10,000; Lord Raglan, $10,000; Lord Napier of Magdala, $10,000.

KING HUMBERT of Italy is very pale and thin, and his chest, they say, is affected. He devotes a portion of his time daily to the investigation of the financial affairs of his father, who has left a troublesome crop of unpleasant monetary claims behind him. A special secretary attends to this business.

News of Interest

A revival of ropped fabrics is prophesied by merchants.

Bismarck does not like to be cross-examined in a law court.

White moire vests are worn with black or blue velvet basques.

Dreston lace is fast superceding torchon as a trimming for almost every article of a lady's wardrobe.

At a barbecue at Silver Creek, Ga., last week, eighty-four sheep and thirty oxen and hogs were roasted.

"A poor clergyman, with eleven children, solicits clothing and other aid" through the London Times.

If you are asked to do a right thing, answer by doing it. 'Tis a short answer, but it does not give offence.

To gain extensive usefulness, seize the present opportunity, great or small, and improve it to the utmost.

No infidel books are published in the Welsh language. In no land is the Bible so generally studied as in Wales.

Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.

Mrs. Mary Oliver is determined to press her suit against ex-Senator Simon Cameron for alleged breach of promise of marriage.

It is estimated that the burden of the City of Glasgow Bank's deficit will fall chiefly on about 200 of the wealthy shareholders.

Alexandra Louise Olga Victoria is the name of the Duchess of Edinburgh's last baby, the twenty-sixth of the Queen's grandchildren.

Pierre Soule, grandson of the famous Louisianian, died last week in New Orleans, aged nineteen. The family name is now extinguished.

It is said that this year's wheat crop will reach at least 400,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop will not fall far short, if any, of 300,000,000 bushels.

Dr. Carver intends, it is said, to make a tour of Europe, Australia and a portion of Africa, and then return to California and retire from public life.

They make up furs without sewing now, by applying a solution of India rubber and benzine with a stiff brush and passing the material between rollers.

"Oh, you see I can't afford to turn out second-rate work," the late John Penn, the great English engineer, would say when asked the secret of his success.

Two million tickets for the national lottery in connection with the Paris Exposition have already been sold, and the third million is being rapidly taken up.

The death of ministers by yellow fever down to the present week number fifty-six. Of these twenty-four were Catholics, thirty-one Protestants, and one Jewish rabbi.

The application of Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, the well known female lawyer of Washington, for admission to the bar of the Circuit Court of Prince George's county, Md., was decided adversely by Judge Magruder.

General John Pope regards an increase of the army as absolutely essential, in view of the present and prospective troubles on the Western borders, the menacing attitude of the Sioux in the North, and Mexican complications on the Rio Grande.

Eben W. Keyes, of Denver, made his wife the legal owner of all his property, so that he might be out of the reach of his creditors. The wife separated from him after a quarrel, and refused to surrender a dollar to him. He committed suicide.

The American Board of Foreign Missions has spent about $5,000,000 in its various missions in the Turkish Empire. Although it reports many conversions from different sects in Turkey, it has not yet reported the conversion of one Mohammedan.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, the British Governor of Cyprus, has ordered from Quebec two "buckboard" wagons as he finds that these strong, simple, and safe vehicles are the only ones that can stand the horrible roads in Cyprus.

At Talladega, Ala., on Friday, Frank Bowden, Louis Whitson and Alfred Plowman were examining an old pistol in the room of Bowden, when it accidentally went off, killing Plowman almost instantly. The persons present were all prominent young men of that place.

Bottled Beauty.

Let the ladies bear in mind that there is loveliness in every bottle of LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, a preparation which endows even the plainest countenance with attractiveness, on account of the surpassing lustre and smoothness which it imparts to the complexion. Those to whom nature has denied a soft clear skin may speedily obtain the missing charm by using night and morning this potent aid to beauty, which chemical analysis has shown to contain nothing injurious.

THERE BE THOSE.

BY B. S.

There be those who sow beside
The waters that in silence glide,
Trusting no echo will declare
Whose footsteps wandered there.

The noiseless footsteps pass away,
The stream flows on as yesterday,
Nor can it for a time be seen
A benefactor there had been.

Yet think not that the seed is dead
Which in the lonely place is spread;
It lives—it lives! The spring is nigh,
And soon its life shall testify.

That silent stream, that desert ground
No more unlovely shall be found,
But scattered flowers of simplest grace
Shall live in beauty round the place.

And soon or late the time shall come
When witnesses that now are dumb
With grateful eloquence shall tell
From whom the seed there scattered fell.

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE COST OF HER LOVE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER XIV—[CONTINUED.]

"I do not want to go," she said—"I do not like Lady Rolfe; besides, I do not see the use of making friends with all these great people—it cannot last."

"You really do not care to go there; Violet?" he asked.

"No, not to the Hall. I shall enjoy the *fete*, but I shall not enjoy the visit."

Felix drew near to her.

"Violet," he whispered, "you will not think me jealous or disagreeable?"

"No," she replied.

"I want you to do something for me. I am puzzled. Sometimes I think Sir Owen must know that we are engaged—sometimes I fancy he does not; yet he must know."

"I should imagine that he does know—every one round here knows; he would be sure to hear it spoken of."

"Most probably. But, Violet, let us make sure of it—tell him yourself, sweet. He will be quite sure to talk to you, and it will be so easy; just a few little words, and then all suspense will be ended—indeed I have not felt at all anxious about it, since I received this invitation. No man could be so false as to invite another to his house if he intended to do him any harm. I am quite easy about it, Violet."

And he meant what he said; he judged others by himself, and in his nobleness of heart had no notion what meanness was.

There was a great surprise in store for Violet. She had talked to her mother about her dress, and Mrs. Haye said that she must have something very nice; but something "very nice" would be costly, and Francis Haye was hard to manage on such points.

Mother and daughter were discussing what was to be done under the circumstances, when a large box from London was brought by the carrier's cart to their door; it was for Miss Haye—there was no mistake as to the address—and with some curiosity they hastened to open it.

"It is directed in a lady's hand," said Violet. "What can it be, mamma?"

"We shall see, my dear," replied Mrs. Haye.

When it was opened both ladies were speechless with surprise. It contained three complete costumes—one for a garden-party, a most charming combination of blue and white, with a tasteful Parisian bonnet, gloves, shoes, and everything to match—a dress that Mrs. Haye declared made her heart beat to think of the money it must have cost; then an evening dress of white silk, with a train of blue velvet trimmings; lastly, a full and most exquisite costume for a ball, of white silk trimmed with silver fringe and silver leaves.

Mrs. Haye was amazed when she saw it. With it were white satin shoes, a fan, white feathers mounted in silver, a silver bouquet-holder, gloves, and a marvellous handkerchief of dainty lace. Violet looked at the treasure in wonder.

"Who can have sent these, mamma?" she asked. "I do not like to take them. Have you ever seen anything so beautiful?"

"If I believed in fairies," said Mrs. Haye, "I should think that a fairy had sent them."

In her own mind she felt quite sure that the donor was Sir Owen, but she would no say. Violet had no suspicion—not even the faintest. She never thought of Sir Owen.

"It must be a lady who has sent them," said Violet. "No man would have understand what was wanted. Mamma, should you think that it was Lady Rolfe?"

"I am really puzzled," replied Mrs. Haye. "We will call your father."

Francis Haye came to the rescue. Violet wearied herself in trying to guess, but she could not divine who was her benefactor. When she carried the ball dress away, the husband and wife looked at each other.

"It is just as I said, Francis; but mind, not one word! One careless word may spoil it all."

And neither of them breathed a sound to Violet of what they suspected.

CHAPTER XV.

Mrs. Haye declared that it was fortunate rain fell two days before the *fete*; it cleared the air, it freshened the grass, it washed the dust from the trees and hedges, it made the whole face of nature so sweet, so fresh and fair, that it was a pleasure to breathe. The air was odorous with the scent of flowers and of green leaves.

Sir Owen appeared on time; his sumptuously-appointed carriage, with the magnificent roans, drove up to the Limes. Nothing could have exceeded his kindness—he was so attentive to Francis Haye, so kind to Mrs. Haye, so deferential to Violet. Again she felt how pleasant it was. She saw deep satisfaction on her father's face, great pride on her mother's. She was young and heedless, and on such an exquisite June day how could she help feeling bright and happy? Moreover, she held something in her hand which gladdened her heart. Just as she was starting, while Sir Owen stood hat in hand waiting for her, a messenger came with a note from Felix—only a few short lines hurriedly written, but which went straight to her heart.

"My darling Violet:—I send a few words to greet you as you are starting, and to wish you a very pleasant, happy visit. You will not forget me, sweet? You will say to yourself over and over again that you are pledged to me? I trust you implicitly. You love me, and I am content. I kiss your sweet hands, and leave my heart in them."

How he loved her! She repeated it again and again. How he loved her! The little note pleased her. She drove away, with Sir Owen whispering all kind of compliments to her; but her lover's face was before her eyes, and his words were in her heart. They drove through the magnificent park with its herds of antlered deer, through the superb grounds, to the grand entrance, and then Violet looked up in wonder.

The afternoon sun fell full upon the grand old building, showing the towers and turrets, the deep oriel windows, the Venetian balconies, bringing out the picturesque outlines of the noble edifice. There was a flight of broad marble steps, and then the great door opened into an entrance-hall the first glimpse of which bewildered Violet. She hardly knew that such treasures existed—that such splendor could be; unconsciously she crushed her lover's little note in her hand as she beheld the treasures on the walls.

She passed through the long broad corridors, where white marble statues gleamed from among pyramids of choice flowers; she gazed on glorious pictures and picturesque fountains; and all the time Sir Owen walked by her side whispering gay, pretty compliments. They came to the drawing-room at last—a large, lofty room with an exquisitely-painted ceiling, and bright with flowers and statues. In the midst of all the magnificence stood Lady Rolfe, with a smile on her face waiting to receive them.

That was remarkable still; but that she should be so gracious and so amiable was more remarkable still. She welcomed them with courtly, kindly words, and in all she said she was seconded by her daughter Lavinia. Sir Owen, she said, had asked her to assist him, and she had for a time undertaken the duties of hostess.

Then she sent them to their various rooms. Before Violet had been many minutes in hers, a pretty Parisian *soubrette* entered, who announced herself as Lady Rolfe's maid.

"Her ladyship," she continued, "thought that, as you have not brought a maid, I might be of some service to you."

For half a moment Violet felt a sensation of shame that she had brought no maid, then of wonder as to what she should do with one. She accepted the proffered help, and the little Parisian, Aimee by name, soon had everything ready for her.

Violet had never worn a fashionable evening dress before, and she had looked in real wonder at the marvellous whiteness of her fair neck and arms, and at her rounded shoulders, that were perfect as a master-piece of sculpture, while the white silk showed off her graceful figure. The train of blue velvet gave her the look of a princess. In her hair Aimee placed a beautiful white camellia, and another lay, like a white star, in the bodice of her dress.

To Aimee it was a labor of love to dress Miss Haye. She did wonders with the shining, golden hair; and when Violet was ready to go down stairs she stood before the great mirror in wonder. Was that exquisitely radiant girl herself? She longed for Felix to see her. There was no pleasure without him. How he would admire her!

What a never-to-be-forgotten evening it was! Her greatest difficulty was in keeping herself from expressing her wonder. She went down to the drawing-room and found two or three other ladies with Lady Rolfe. She had an uneasy consciousness that they were all talking about her as she entered, for they stopped suddenly, and looked at her curiously. But Lady Rolfe introduced her, and they were so startled by her striking beauty that they were more than civil to her. Sir Owen almost followed her into the room. How his eyes brightened as he saw her!

"For a girl like that to marry a country solicitor, to hide such beauty as hers in a place like Lilford, is simply madness," he said to himself. "She will thank me in after-years for saving her from such a fate."

Then he went up to her, and scarcely left her all the evening. It was against the laws of etiquette to take her down to dinner; but Lady Rolfe accepted his apology with a smile. That astute lady had explained the motives of her policy to Lavinia.

"I understand Sir Owen," she said. "If any one opposes him he will lose his reason over the girl. Place no obstacle in the way of his admiration, and he will soon tire of her. He cannot marry her, for she is engaged to Felix Lonsdale."

So, with great amiability, Lady Rolfe had accepted Sir Owen's invitation to act as hostess for three or four days. She had determined that she would give him every opportunity of being with Violet, on the principle that the more he saw of her the sooner he would tire of her. Sir Owen took her down to dinner, and sat by her side. Violet was dazed with wonder. She saw the superb gold and silver plate, the magnificent epergnes, the rare flowers, the costly wines, the richly-cut glass. She felt half afraid of the well trained butler and his noiseless assistants—it was all a scene of splendor and magnificence, that dazed and bewildered her.

Sir Owen gave her little time to think, and everyone took their cue from him—visitors and servants. Violet was queen of the evening. She concealed her trepidation, and carefully watching Lady Rolfe, she imitated her exactly. Then, when the ladies withdrew, she was the centre of observation—her exquisite beauty, her dainty dress, the attention paid to her by Sir Owen, made her the most important person present.

Sir Owen did not long delay entering the drawing room; and then he selected a luxurious chair, and enthroned her. He found her a footstool; he waited upon her as though she had been a princess and he a page; he never left her; and she, looking at the splendor which surrounded her—looking at the wealth, the magnificence—wondered that she should play a part in such a scene. It was a night of triumph to her; but she did not forget Felix; all would have been perfect had he been by her side.

The guests talked of the morrow's *fete*—they had music and cards. Sir Owen gave Violet a lesson in bezique; and when the evening was over she went to her mother.

"Mamma," she said, "how delightful it has all been! I am so sorry it is all over. I wish it would last for ever."

Mrs. Haye smiled.

"It is more pleasant, Violet, than the struggle that falls to the lot of people with limited means."

It was pleasant. The dainty, luxury-loving nature found it wonderfully pleasant. Violet smiled to herself as she sat in her room that night. Aimee was brushing the long, shining, golden hair. She was surrounded by every luxury—hangings of silk and lace, Dresden china, Bohemian glass; the room was a marvel in its way. She smiled as she realized how dear luxury was to her already—how she admired soft velvet chairs and thick soft carpets—liked to eat from silver plate and drink from richly-cut-glass—liked to be waited on by well-trained servants—to live in this atmosphere of splendor—to wear rich silks and costly lace, precious stones and gold. It was an entrancing life, and the other would never seem quite the same again. After all, there was nothing like money.

She dismissed her maid, and would have slept, but that a ray of moonlight shone in through the window. One part of the rose silk hangings had been left undrawn. She went to arrange it to shut out the moonlight, so that she could sleep, and, when she stood near the window and saw the silver light on the trees and flowers, her thoughts went back to Felix—went back to that lovely night when she had stood with him by the lilac-bushes. How he loved her! His face appeared so plainly before her—the love-lit earnest eyes and winning lips.

After all, love was best; wealth was very pleasant, but it was sweeter to be loved than to be rich. And she fell asleep with her lover's name on her lips.

CHAPTER XVI.

The next morning was bright and warm. There was a hurried breakfast—every one seemed to have so much to do; from early dawn men had been at work in the park. Sir Owen came down-stairs radiant.

"Who will say one word against English weather after this?" he cried; then when he saw Violet, he bowed low to her.

"The queen of the *fete*," he whispered, and she blushed as she heard him.

The post-bag came as they sat at breakfast, and there was a note for her; she saw that it was from Felix, and put it aside until she should be alone. Looking up suddenly she saw Sir Owen watching her intently, and again a hot flush burned her face. He did not leave her—everything was referred to her; her wishes, her tastes were continually consulted.

"My dear Lavinia," said Lady Rolfe, with upraised hands, "it is something incredible—he treats her just as though she were mistress of this house. It is quite enough to turn any girl's brain."

Though he spent his whole time with her, Sir Owen did not forget her parents. Francis Haye declared that he was "in clover;" his wife had never been so happy; they were waited upon and attended to before every one else—they had every luxury, every attention.

The guests arrived early. Everything was a success, but the crowning satisfaction of all was that the weather was so fine. Violet found time to read her lover's note; it said how disappointed he was that he could not come to Garswood, but to attend the *fete* even for one hour was an impossibility for him. His father had had a very serious relapse, and he could not leave the office. She was sorry; yet she could not understand how it was she experienced a certain feeling of relief—her present triumph was so great, and she enjoyed it so thoroughly. It must all have ended when Felix came. It was like a play now; she was playing the part of mistress of a magnificent mansion—of queen of that brilliant *fete*. She must have given up this *role* if Felix had come. She must have spent the time with him.

"I shall never in my life have such a triumph again," she said to herself—"never again. I may as well enjoy this while it lasts."

She looked superbly beautiful in the dress that had been sent to her for the *fete;* and, as she walked through the grounds with Sir Owen by her side, she was the observed of all observers. She felt her triumph keenly—it was no small one—yet she had an uneasy sensation too that it was, after all, a false position. She was the promised wife of another man—she had no right to be queen there, with Sir Owen by her side.

It was a brilliant *fete*—she had seen nothing like it in her life. The *fete* at the Vicarage, which had always seemed to her the very acme of aristocratic gaiety, dwindled into insignificance. The sun had seldom shone on a more brilliant scene; flags and banners waved from the tall trees; there were numerous evergreen arches, marquees, and an infinity of amusements. The music from the bands echoed through the park.

"It is very beautiful," said Violet, as she stood with Sir Owen, watching the various groups.

"If you are pleased, I am well repaid," he said. "Do you not know that I would give all I have to please you? I would do all this over and over again to win one smile from you."

Suddenly, standing there, she remembered her promise to Felix that she would tell Sir Owen she was to be his wife. How was she to do it? She could not turn round to him abruptly and say, "I am going to marry Felix Lonsdale." She was tempted to do so, but it would be too brusque. "I shall find an opportunity during the evening," she thought—"I can easily make one, but not at present. I will enjoy myself now."

Then Sir Owen conducted her through the grounds. It was a veritable triumph. Her exquisite beauty, her superb dress, her radiant face, the evident admiration of this wealthy baronet by her side, were the sole themes of conversation. People bowed to her who had never seemed to be aware that she existed before; ladies pleaded for an introduction who had passed her with haughty insolence; men crowded round her, and none seemed content until he had won one smile from the sweet lips, one glance from the lovely eyes.

They passed on, Sir Owen talking eagerly to her, but she hardly heard what he was saying, she was so engrossed in the brilliant scene. He led her past the front of the hall, and through the superb gardens. It seemed to her that they passed acre after acre of glass-houses, then they came to a little hill. At its foot was the river bank, and its summit was crowned with a group of silver larches. A seat had been placed under them, for from the summit of that hill there was to be seen one of the loveliest pictures in England.

"Where are we going?" asked Violet, as they left the Hall and the grounds.

"I want to show you Larch Hill," he replied.

She did not quite like being there alone with him. Felix would not like it, yet how could she resist?

"Every one who comes to Garswood sees Larch Hill," he continued. "It is really the prettiest spot about here."

"But your guests will miss you," she said.

"I am with the queen of the *fete*," he returned, with a low bow; and she saw that he did not care in the least whether he was missed or not.

He led her to the summit of the hill, to the rustic seat under the larches.

"I was thinking all last night," he said, "that I would bring you here to-day. I want you to look well around you. See how the sun shines on Garswood! Look at the Hall first."

It was a magnificent panorama that was spread out before her. Not the least important feature in it was the grand old Hall, with its towers and turrets. He stood by her side.

"From here as far away as your eyes can reach," he said, "is mine. North, south, east, and west—it is all mine. You see the river like a broad silver line in the distance—the boats and the barges on it are mine. You see the villages nestling amongst the trees, the rich, well cared-for farms, the quiet, pretty homesteads—they are mine—all mine."

"It is a noble property," she said.

"Yes; there is not a larger or better estate in England, and the beauty of it is that is lies all together. You see the dark mass of woods over there to the left; the trees in them a magnificent fortune in themselves, and they are all mine. You see that broad stretch of meadow-land where the cattle graze—it is all mine."

She made no reply; his words and his looks confused her.

"I am lord of the soil," he said, "for many miles round. I know no other place so fine as Garswood. Violet Haye, all this is mine; and, if you will speak only one word, it shall all be yours."

She turned to him with a startled glance.

"I do not understand you," she declared. "How could it be mine?"

"It can all be yours if you will marry me, Violet," he whispered.

Her beautiful face grew pale as death.

"I cannot marry you," she replied quickly.

"Why not, Violet? Tell me why."

"Because I am engaged to marry Felix Lonsdale."

"Is that all? What on earth does that matter? He ought to be ashamed of himself to presume to ask such a girl as you to marry him; he must be mad to think you would."

"He loves me!" she said quietly.

"So do I—so do many others. You must not marry him, Violet; he has no money, no influence, no position; his father is under a cloud which must darken the son's future. You cannot marry him—it would be madness!"

"I am engaged to him," she replied.

"As if that mattered! Engagements like yours are broken every day, it is the commonest thing in the world—no one thinks anything of it."

She seemed to see her lover's face as he had looked into hers that night by the dew-laden lilac-bushes—she almost heard his voice. She looked up at Sir Owen, her face deadly pale.

"Do you know, Sir Owen," she said, "that if I were false to Felix Lonsdale it would break his heart?"

Sir Owen laughed aloud.

"My dear Miss Haye, lawyers have no hearts—what could they do with such a commodity? He might lose his temper; but men never break their hearts—a good cigar will break the most desperate love-affair. You amuse me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOODEN MONEY.

From the reign of Henry I. down to the period of the establishment of the Bank of England a portion of the money of England was fabricated out of wood. This instrument was called an exchange tally, and by virtue of it the holder was entitled to receive from the Crown the value inscribed thereon. It really consisted of one-half, of a four-sided rod or staff, on which, when in its entire state, the sum it purported to represent was carved in transverse notches, varying in width for thousands, hundreds, scores, pounds, shillings and pence. These signs were for the unlearned; for the advantage of those who could not read, the sum was written in ink on two opposite sides of the staff, and, finally, with a knife and mallet the staff was split in two longitudinally. One half, called the tally or check, was given to the person for whose service it was intended; the other half, called the counter tally, was laid up in safe-keeping until its corresponding tally should be brought in by the person who had last given value for it. Its intrinsic value was of course, only that of the wood of which it was composed, but by representations it denoted large sums. It was a current token of real money, and served actually to distribute it from man to man by this exchange. From this primitive tally was derived the Exchequer Bill, first introduced in 1806 by Mr. Montague, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The "bill," too, no doubt obtained from the Norman-French word *bille*, which means a staff. Bank post bills and bills of exchange in our own day came from the same wooden base, and soldiers are said at this hour to be "billeted," or tallied, to the victuallers upon whom they were quartered. In olden times officers of the army who were taken into the king's pay were said to be put on the staff—that is, they were paid with Exchequer tallies, or wooden money.

A STORY OF TENNYSON.—An amusing story is told of Mr. Tennyson in a foreign journal. Staying in a quiet neighborhood in England once, which great people visit as rarely as comets appear, advantage of such an event as the Laureate's visit was taken by one of the native hostesses to give a luncheon, and show off her lion. Conversation languished sadly; every one was afraid to speak lest he or she be detected as infinitely prosaic, or that suddenly there might be a great utterance which would be lost. Still the poet spoke not, but attended diligently to the business of the hour. The hostess grew uncomfortable; perhaps something was wrong; that dreadful cook was so exceedingly uncertain in her work. Perhaps poets had peculiar food; there were dim recollections floating through her mind of having heard of certain food for gods. Anything was better than this uncertainty. "Have you been helped as you liked?" she asked, timidly. "That ham, we are particularly proud of it, is of our own curing. The receipt has been in our family for more than seventy years." Still there was no reply. The poet heard her not; he was thinking of something else. Only one word reached his ears; it appealed to his senses. Then there ensued a silence which seemed to be interminable. Still the thought took form and speech—"Tough as a halter!" and that was all the Laureate said until he took his leave.

Another member of the British nobility who has lately become celebrated is Lord Lonsdale, a peer of great estate. It cannot be said that hitherto his lordship has been either a credit to his order or of any mortal use to the community. But of late he has taken a new line—that of engine driving on the railways which pass through his dominions.

THE WISE AND JUST.

Of all the kings that ever lived, Henricus was one of the wisest and best. All day long he made laws, and looked after his subjects, and reviewed his soldiers, and altered the streets and towns, and gave justice. He found such a deal to do that he could not spare much time for each thing, and no one in the kingdom worked half as hard as the king; and yet the people did not grow good and happy.

"There never was such a good king," said his courtiers to him, "and never such a wicked lot of people as your subjects must be; or else they would all have grown good by this time."

But the queen prayed the king not to do so much, and to do what he did with more pains. "For," said she, "the people cannot leave off their old ways all at once, and alter as you wish; and they do not like so many laws and so much looking after."

"You are as silly as other women," answered the king, "and do not deserve to be my wife; so stop at home, and take care of the children, while I go, like a king, to visit the towns of my kingdom, and to make my subjects good."

So King Henricus went through the land, giving justice.

On the last day he came to the second largest town in his kingdom: and in the evening he went up to the roof of the palace to see his own house far away, and to think what new law he could make for the good of the people.

But a sad sight met his eyes, and made the good king very angry. On the roof of a small house close by stood a man with a bunch of canes in his hand; and he kept on beating without any mercy some beasts with long hair, which, however, were so gentle as to stand stock still.

Now the king thought that cruelty was one of the worst vices; for he said that it showed that a man's heart, or a woman's either, was bad, and selfish and unfeeling. So when the king saw this cruel sight he soon made a new law:

"That any man, woman, boy or girl, big or little, old or young, who should be found beating, pinching, or hurting by any manner of means, any cat, dog, horse, donkey, cow, pig, or any kind or sort of beast or animal, in spite, or sport, or any bad feeling, should be punished with death, for the sake of teaching mercy and showing how bad a thing is cruelty."

As soon as he had written this the king sent his soldiers to cut off the cruel man's head, and to bring him the beasts that had stood so still. So they make haste at the king's order, and brought back the man's head and the beasts with long hair.

"What animals are these?" said the wise king, seeing they stood so still.

"May it please your majesty," answered the town clerk, who came back with the soldiers, "these animals are lions and tigers stuffed with straw."

"What a wicked man he must have been to beat them so!" said the king, very angry; "what harm could they have done him?"

"May it please your majesty," answered the clerk, "he had taken them out of his shop window, and was beating the moths out of their skins."

"Why, what sort of a man was he then?" asked the wise king.

"He was honest Peter, the furrier," said the town clerk.

And many like things this busy king did, and so his courtiers called him Henricus, the Wise and Good.

MOSLEM MARRIAGES.—Brokers generally arrange these marriages, though there are some love matches in which the parties become attached to each other without the intervening of a third party. When a man has reached the marrying age, he is expected to enter the matrimonial ranks, unless prevented by poverty or some other impediment, and it is considered improper and even dishonorable for him to refrain from so doing. If a marriageable youth has a mother, she describes him to the girls of her acquaintance, and enables him to decide whom to take to his house and home. Frequently he engages the services of a woman marriage broker who has access to harems where there are marriageable women, and is employed by them quite as often as by the men. She receives fees from one party, and frequently from both. In her visits to the harems she is accompanied by the mother or other feminine relatives of the young man; she introduces them as ordinary visitors, but gives a sly hint as to the object of their call. If they do not like the appearance of the maiden, they plead many calls to make, and cut short their stay; but if satisfied they come to business at once, and ask how much property, personal or otherwise, the young lady possesses. When these facts are ascertained, they depart, with the intimation that they may call again. If the young man is satisfied with the report of the broker, he sends her again to the harem to state his own prospects in life, and, if she looks favorably on his suit the match is made. Everything is arranged by deputy, and the Mohammedan lover does not see the face of his mistress until she is his wife.

Professor Burt B. Wilder, of Cornell University, has what he calls a "Kerosene Warning Tag," to be attached to all packages of oil. On its reverse side the Professor gives these timely hints as to the proper use of kerosene oil and lamps—"Buy the best oil. Select lamps in which the end of the burner is elevated considerably above the body of the lamp. Fill the lamps by daylight, and never while lighted. If obliged to fill them at night, have the light at least a yard off, and not in a current of air. Lamps should be filled daily, and never lighted when partly empty. Never carry a glass lamp lighted. Never burn oil in the fire. If burning oil gets upon the floor, smother with woollen blanket, rug, carpet, or clothing. If the clothing takes fire wrap a blanket or rug about the person, or roll up on the floor."

In Rome many of the people will sign no contract on Friday. Neither will they light three candles or sit in a room when three candles only are lighted. In Florence this deep-rooted horror of certain numbers and days take quite a comical form. In many streets and squares there is no number thirteen, but twelve and a half has been substituted, so that the numbers run eleven, twelve and a half, and fourteen! In this ingenious way the dread number is completely done away with. Houses bearing the unlucky thirteen rarely find any Italian lodgers.

Polish costumes, having both a polonaise and overskirt, are very unique and picturesque, and when made for midwinter the two skirts are bordered with gray chinchilla fur.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Ignorance is a subject for pity, not laughter.

It is good to be deaf when the slanderer begins to talk.

A prosy man is like the clack of a mill when it is empty.

Anger always hurts us more than the one we get mad at.

Read not books alone, but men; and be careful to read thyself.

The credit that is got by a lie lasts only till the truth comes out.

We are only really alive when we enjoy the good will of others.

Keep aloof from sadness, for sadness is the sickness of the soul.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for a patient as healthy weather.

Our acts make or mar us; we are the children of our own deeds.

To-morrow is the day on which lazy folks work and fools reform.

The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who does the injury.

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears; for God made one, and the tailor the other.

Scholars are frequently to be met with who are ignorant of nothing save their own ignorance.

To know how to listen is a great art; it is to know how to gain instruction from every one.

Abuse is the penalty levied on the bond of praise, and can be rendered effective only when noticed.

Don't judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

He who accustoms himself to buy superfluities may, before long, be obliged to sell his necessaries.

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ADMIRATION AND LOVE.

Though there are few instances in which a man falls in love at first sight, most men who marry imagine that such was their own case. Some gay young bachelor, happy as a lark and independent of anybody's will but his own, sees a pretty face somewhere at a party or a dinner. It provokes his admiration, tantalizes him slightly, and when he goes home he finds that he is vexed and troubled, he scarcely knows why. Next morning he experiences a faint echo of the same pang, but during the day the impression vanishes, and vanishes for good. He is merry as ever, as careless, as self-reliant. But it happens that he is again and again thrown into contact with that too charming creature who owns the pretty face. His troubles increase, he scarcely knows whether to fear most the terrible, tantalizing joy of seeing her, or the weight of depression that falls upon him when he leaves the house and is shut out into the cold, dark air. Of course, he knows that he is in love. If the consciousness is any comfort to him, he has it.

But now he reasons backward, and recalls the first evening on which he met her. He exaggerates the very slight impression she then made upon him, and fancies that he must always so have regarded her; and then he makes up his mind (or that portion of it which she has left him) that he fell in love with her the very first moment he saw her face.

He argues—and not so foolishly, either—that he must have been in love ever since that time, because ever since that time he has been disquieted and troubled, a misery to himself and a nuisance to his friends. In brief, he regards falling in love as a single act, inevitable in its occurrence and irremediable in its consequences; whereas, it is a long process, which may be interrupted at any moment.

A good family paper should combine a variety of serial matter, novels, stories long and short; all have their use, and there is nothing so pleasant on these October evenings than to indulge in the pages of fiction. The proprietors of the POST desire their patrons to understand that a succession of novelties, such as have been never contemplated by any other weekly paper of its character, will be offered to its many readers. The coming season will usher in a season of Brilliant Novelettes, serials of great power by the most distinguished writers of the day, and short stories of intense interest. Each succeeding year of our paper suggests a higher and better order of things, and a corresponding desire to please all our readers and patrons.

According to a late authority the tortoise shell is not a shell at all, but a skin, or something very like it, and in the second place the animal is not persuaded to walk out of it by the application of a hot coal, more minorum. The shells are imported together with the bony arch of the back to which they cling, and separated from it by the application of heat, and then boiled very carefully. It can be welded together by immersion in hot water, or joined by dry heat, so that surfaces of any size may be produced, and it is so flexible that circular boxes can be made of one flat piece. It can be inlaid with gold so neatly that the fingers can not detect the point of joining, and the turner finds nothing in the resources of his skill which he cannot employ on it.

Cats are like mortals, variable in disposition. A man in Kingston, N. Y., has one which follows him like a pet dog every night when he leaves the house, and stops at a certain corner where she waits for him to go on; and there she remains until he returns, no matter how late he may be out, and when he appears manifests much delight. On the other hand an old lady in Middletown, Conn., found a homeless cat in the cellar one night, and not only gave it shelter, but adopted it. But her kindness was repaid by a bite on the wrist when she stooped to arrange the carpet near the animal; and several days afterward her arm was badly swollen, and a species of paralysis ensued.

The action of the School Board of London is a high compliment to our nation. It has requested the American Educational Exhibit at the Paris Exhibition to be given to it as a foundation for a foreign Educational Museum in London. The Minister of Public Education in Japan has written to Commissioner Eaton, expressing his appreciation of our Educational Exhibit at Paris, and his belief that "It will do good even in the remote Empire of Japan."

At this season of the year, when the cool days are beginning to usher in warm wraps and general coziness, the interests of our readers will be directed naturally to the "Fall style," and those costumes which combine comfort and elegance with cheapness will necessarily be the most in demand. In "Fashion Chat," all information upon such a topic is to be found, and discussed in a manner as entertaining as it is thorough.

Disraeli is to have his picture painted by Millais, the great English artist. Lord Beaconsfield's features are hardly as comely as when he wrote "Vivian Grey," and the Pre-Raphaelite painter cannot help making an unpleasantly natural likeness of the celebrated premier.

Our companion oleographs are rapidly diminishing in number, and before the season closes the supply will be exhausted. Those who wish two of the best reproductions in landscape art, will do well to subscribe at once to the "POST" and secure them.

Lord Lonsdale, who has a horse mania, knows how to make racing pay. This year, so far, he has won about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in stakes. He wisely eschews betting.

SANCTUM CHAT.

Read the great premium inducements to subscribers.

Good Stories are a necessity of modern life. The "POST" contains them.

A poor fellow in Rio Janeiro gave his sweetheart a ticket in the last lottery. It won $20,000, and she will marry him out of gratitude.

An attempt at robbing a grave at Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Nashville, Tenn., was frustrated last week. The guard shot at and wounded the persons concerned, who ran away and left bloody tracks which, however, were not successfully followed up.

Professor Morton, late of this city, but now President of the Stevens Institute, thinks the electric light has its field, and that it is a vast one. But that field he alleges is not certainly in the near future, that of what may be called the private illumination of dwelling houses, and the like.

Col. T. W. Higginson, the distinguished American essayist, declares that the Americans are quite the equals in dress, manners, and in morals of the educated Englishmen or Germans, and uneducated Americans are quite the equals of the uneducated representatives of these two other nations.

A new and effective machine for the removal of obstructions from a channel has been invented by some English naval officers. The construction of it is kept a close secret, but it is known that it consists in part of a large net which either explodes the torpedo it encounters or sweeps it in between the jaws of a powerful cutter, and that it can be applied to any vessel in the service.

A young lady of great beauty has recently died at Angers, France, under very melancholy circumstances. Her lover made her a present of two magnificent ear rings, and as her ears had not been pierced, she decided to undergo the operation. Owing to the size of the ear rings a larger incision than usual had to be made. Her ear, unfortunately, became inflamed, erysipelas ensued, and she rapidly got worse and died.

That an attempt at suicide by throat cutting should result in the production of a fine tenor, is to be regretted as a precedent. Nevertheless it is a fact that a barber's apprentice in Hungary used his razor on his windpipe because his girl would not marry him. It was discovered upon his recovery that by the operation the larynx had undergone had given him a dulcet tenor voice, and he has lately been engaged at the opera house in Vienna.

Dr. Eugene Groux, who died at his residence at Williamsburgh, N. Y., seems to have been deficient in a breast bone. This anatomical anomaly was exhibited in different portions of Germany, and afterwards in Austria, Spain and France. By these exhibitions he was enabled to enter the Medical University at Gottingen, and graduated from that institution at the age of twenty-one. He was surgeon in a New York regiment.

Four miners who were working in the shaft of a Nevada mine, heard the hoisting car break from its fastenings far above their heads. They knew that there would be just a foot of space between the falling car and the wall, but they were not so sure of their own thickness, and there was but little time for calculation. They made themselves as flat as possible and escaped injury, although the shirt of one was torn off.

An invention to reproduce on copper or steel a fac-simile of any picture or a perfect representation of any work of art, or natural object, has been successfully put into practice by a local firm. If this process is all that is claimed for it it will supersede wood engraving and furnish illustrations at a very low price. Of course the merit of an artist's work by such a method, is necessarily increased, and a stimulus given to the best work by the best designers.

A strange thing occurred the other day at Guis, in Switzerland. A schoolmaster was explaining to his pupils the nature of certain vegetable poisons, and, to illustrate his lesson, he had procured a bunch of belladonna. After showing the class how to distinguish the berries of this plant, he threw it somewhat thoughtlessly as would appear in a corner, intending to destroy it when the lesson was over. Meanwhile, his little boy, who was playing about in the school-room, picked up the bunch and, before he was noticed, ate several of the berries of the deadly belladonna. A few hours afterward the child died in great agony.

Machinery now does nearly every sort of labor—economizing health, strength, time and money, in all that it does. We tread upon beautifully figured carpets that are woven by machinery from single threads. We wear clothes that are made by machinery at the rate of two thousand stitches a minute. The labor-saving processes of mechanism as applied to printing are in the highest degree advantageous and admirable. Ink and paper, too, are made by machinery, and when the types are set we invoke the aid of the steam press. Machinery, moreover, folds the printed sheets,—trims the rough edges of books,—directs the newspaper, and does, in short, the bulk of the drudgery that used to be done by operatives at great expense of time and trouble, and with anything but commensurate profit.

SOME QUEER INDUSTRIES.

In all countries and all large towns there is a certain section of the population to which the old saying applies—namely, that one half the world does not know how the other half lives—a saying, by the way, which touches a great many more people than the world suspects. In these days, when everybody must be, or fancies he or she must be, in society, the struggle to make ends meet involves many shifts in the home circle that are known only to the members of that circle, and the secrets of which they keep with Spartan firmness. Outside are show, expense and glitter; inside are anxiety, shabbiness, pinching and gnashing of teeth; and if, Asmodeus like, we could peep into all the fashionable houses and note the interior management, we should be more than a little surprised, and propably very much startled.

But it is not with these decorous griefs and difficulties that this article will deal, but with a much lower stratum of the population—indeed the very lowest. There is not a capital in America or Europe in which hundreds of people do not rise up in the morning uncertain as to where they shall get their meals for the day, or indeed if they shall get any; and the hidden life of these dinnerless and supperless ones must be as extraordinary as often it must be grievous. In New York, Philadelphia and London there is probably a more monotonously sad existence for thousands of their inhabitants than in any other cities; for the masses of people are so great, and the struggle for existence so keen, that numbers must be shouldered aside and forced to depend on charity or do worse. In Paris too there is a great amount of distress and crime, but there are at the same time probably more outlets for employment amidst the restless and varied life of the Parisian world. Some few of these industries we are about to relate, for with their extraordinary queerness, they read us many a lesson of perseverance and the value of little things.

In no towns in the world, perhaps, except those of China, is the value of little things better understood than in Paris, and especially in that essentially Parisian branch of industry which caters for the hungry man. Even in the lowest quarters of Paris, people must dine, just as they must in the Boulevards and the Palais Royal; but the modes of dining are so different that they might belong to two different worlds. Few people have ever penetrated into these nooks and corners, where the customers measure their appetites by centimes, and very frequently can only gratify them in an unpleasantly intermittent manner. In these establishments a plate of meat can be had for two cents, and one of vegetables for a cent; while some of the meals combine with the chance of getting something good to eat, the thrilling possibility of getting nothing. This is playfully called the chance of the fork, and consists in the player taking one shot for his money with a broad two-pronged fork into a seething cauldron, and bringing up whatever he is able to stick the fork into. An old hand often succeeds in landing a succulent fragment of something unknown, but a novice finds the coveted morsel evade the prong, and leave him despondent and dinnerless.

Another branch of the purveying business, and one in which fortunes have been made, is that of selling "harlequins," which consist of hash scraps of every kind, and sold for a cent a plate. The idea of calling this collection of eatable patches by the name of "harlequins," from the dress of divers pieces and colors which decorates that stage professional, is Parisian to the backbone, and suggests the cynical grin with which the mess is regarded by its purchasers. The harlequin purveyor is on terms of business with all the cooks at the restaurants of the neighborhood, from whom he or she buys the broken scraps collected by the end of the day, at the rate of sixty to seventy cents a basketful. Indeed, this is the most lucrative portion of the cook's trade, for though he earns probably from five to ten dollars per month for his salary, he will make twice or three times as much by the perquisites that he sells to the harlequin merchant. A fine basketful it is, from bread crumbs to beef steak and truffled turkey—bones, fat, picklings, parings—all is fish that comes into this net. But valuable as the assortment is for nutritious purposes, some portions of it fetch a still higher price, such as the fat, which is carefully sorted out and sold to merchants to be converted into lamp oil. The bones too, at least those which are bare of meat or skin, are picked out and sold back again to the restaurants under the name of rejouissance, to make their commoner soups; and having done duty in this department, they pass to the very lowest cook shops, who again use them in a mess of broth flavored with carrots or burnt onions. One would surely think that a bone had now done its duty sufficiently, and that it might be allowed to rest in peace. But no; there is still money to be made out of it; for if it is large enough, it is sold to the bone button makers, and if it has been too much reduced by repeated cracking for this small purpose, it is at all events fit to be made into animal charcoal, and probably does duty in a box of charcoal tooth powder lying in a place of honor in the window of some fashionable perfumer.

Thus it will be seen that nothing is too small for a Parisian speculator, and that there are depths in each station of society which even our philosophy dreams not of. Just as the eating material descends a step at a time to fulfil its various uses, there is a corresponding grade of professional industry connected with it; for the harlequin purveyor, like the flea which has smaller fleas to bite it, employs a number of hands, chiefly women, to sort out the savory messes and apportion the elements so as to suit the cooking department, the lamp oil maker, the bone button maker, and the preparer of animal charcoal. It is a noteworthy fact, however, that even in little restaurants and cookshops which carry their occupation and class of customers on their face, there is often a very appetizing display of meats, vegetables and poultry hanging up at the window or near the door, giving the visitor the idea that the fare within is good, notwithstanding the humble exterior. But these succulent joints, plump fowls and tasty vegetables are a delusion and a snare. They are real, it is true, but they do not belong to the establishment, and are in point of fact let out for show from day to day for a small sum, just as a beggar woman hires a baby for her stock in trade to appeal to the sympathies of the charitable. So then there is a regular industry of provision renters, the eatables being returned as wanted after having done their duty in practically advertising the excellent resources of the cookshop.

Touching this cheap soup, there is one fact connected with it which is worth mentioning, as it shows another branch of industrial cooking as ingenious as it is nasty. It must be admitted by even the most prejudiced that soup made of three or four times used bones, and flavored with a burnt onion, cannot be very strong; neither can it look so, which is perhaps more to the purpose. So, with a view of remedying the latter defect, an appearance of fat at all events must be given. But as all the fat in the harlequin's cellars has been sold more profitably to the oil merchant, he makes good the defect in another way. The soup concocter takes into his mouth as much fish oil as he can hold, and at the critical moment blows it out in a sort of well regulated fog into the pot, where it settles on the top of the soup, and gives it the appearance of actually boiling over with richness, like the milk and water so graphically emphasized by Mr. Squeers. This ingenious process is called "putting the eyes into the soup." No wonder that money is made in a trade of so many resources; nor that a few years ago a celebrated harlequin purveyor, a Madame Maillard, retired with a large fortune, having already settled her four daughters in establishments of their own.

Droll Blunders.

An amusing book has been recently published, entitled, A Book of Blunders. We give a few extracts from it.

As a specimen of typographical blunders, there is the following, among others. By the insertion of one letter in place of another, a newspaper not long since, reporting the danger an express train had run in consequence of a cow getting on the track, said: "As the safest way, the engineer put on full steam, dashed up against the cow, and literally cut it into calves!"

Never perhaps was the word "austere" so misconstrued as in the case of a clergyman who got a wholesome warning in regard to pulpit articulation by discovering in one house which he visited the day after preaching, from Luke xix, 21, that the servant had gone home with the impression that his text had been, "I feared thee, because thou art an oysterman!" Another gentleman of the cloth recently reported some of the blunders he had heard made in the marriage service by that class of persons who have to pick up the words as best they can, from hearing them repeated by others. He said that in his own parish it was quite the fashion for the man, when giving the ring, to say to the woman: "With my body I thee wash up, and with all my hurdle goods I thee and thou." He said the women were generally better up in this part of the service than the men, but one day a bride startled him by promising, in what she supposed to be the language of the prayerbook, to take her husband—"To 'ave and to 'old from this day fortnit for better horse, for richerer power, in siggerness health, to love cherries, and to buy." What meaning this extraordinary vow conveyed to her own mind, the relator could not conjecture.

The stories told of the blunders made by Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates in the Scripture examination, are almost incredible. One of these, when asked who was the first king of Israel, was so fortunate as to stumble upon the name of Saul. He saw that he had hit the mark, and wishing to show the examiners how intimate his knowledge of the Scriptures was, he added confidentially, "Saul, also called Paul." Another was asked to give the parable of the good Samaritan. He did so with tolerable accuracy until he came to the place where the Samaritan says to the innkeeper, "When I come again I will repay thee." Here the unlucky examinee added, "This he said, knowing that he should see his face no more."

A ludicrous story is told of a Scotch bailie, whose studies in natural history seem to have been rather limited. The following case came before him one day: A man who kept a ferret, having to go into the country, left the cage with the ferret in charge of a neighbor until he should return. The neighbor incautiously opened the cage door, and the ferret escaped. The owner was very angry, and brought a claim against his neighbor for damages. The following was the decision of the learned bailie: "Nae doot ye was wrang to open the cage door," he said to the man who had been left in charge; and then, turning to the owner, he added, "but ye was wrang too. For why did ye no clip the brute's wings?"

It is also told of a certain Glasgow bailie that when visiting Paris as one of a deputation from Glasgow to Louis Philippe, when showing the party through his library, where were many of the English classics, the king said, "You know Milton very well!" "Oh, bless you, yes!" said the bailie cheerfully, delighted that something had been mentioned that he did know; "Yes, your Majesty, I know Milton very well—we're just building slaughter houses there." (Milton is a little place near Glasgow.)

By a bad arrangement of clauses in composition, ludicrous blunders are sometimes made. A Wisconsin paper announced that the board of education had "resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students three stories high." In another paper an advertisement appeared under the heading of "To Let," of "A house for a family in good repair." An observant journal noted this, and conjectured that a family in good repair must be one in which none of the members are cracked. "The brooches would have been sent before, but have been unwell," was a note of apology sent by a jeweler. "Two sisters want washing," was an advertisement which appeared in the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.

An amusing style of blunder is the "bull," for which the Irish get most credit. It was an Irish editor that exclaimed, when speaking of the wrongs of his country: "Her cup of misery has been overflowing, and is not yet full!" It was an Irish newspaper that said of Robespierre that "he left no children behind him, except a brother, who was killed at the same time." Irish also was the cornet who, when writing home from India praising the much abused climate as really one of the best under the sun, added: "But a lot of young fellows come out here, and they drink and they eat, and then they eat and they drink, and they die; and then they write home to their friends saying it was the climate that did it!"

Though not so numerous as those of the Emerald Isle, Scotland is not without specimens of this kind of blunder. Two operatives in one of the border towns were heard disputing about a new cemetery, beside the elegant railing of which they were standing. One of them, evidently disliking the continental fashion in which it was being laid out, said:

"I'd rather dee than be buried in sic a place!"

"Weel, it's the verra reverse wi' me, for I'll be buried nae where else if I'm spared," said the other.

Among the instances of blunders from absence of mind, are the following: A clergyman walking one day in the country fell into thought. He was so accustomed to ride, that when he found himself at a toll, he stopped and shouted:

"Here! what's to pay?"

"Pay for what?" asked the man.

"For my horse," said the clergyman.

"What horse? There's no horse, sir."

"Bless me! I thought I was on horseback!" exclaimed the clergyman, looking down between his legs, "I thought I was on horseback." Sydney Smith was not in general absent minded; but he says that once, when calling on a friend in London, being asked by the servant, "Who shall I say has called?" he could not for the life of him recollect his own name, and stared in blank confusion at the man for some time before it came back to him.

The first Lord Lyttleton was very absent. It is declared of him that when he fell into the river by the upsetting of a boat, he sank twice before he recollected that he could swim, and a New York paper gives the following story in illustration of the absent mindedness of the great Jonathan Edwards. When out riding one day, a little boy respectfully bowed and opened a gate for him. "Whose boy are you, my little man?" he inquired. "Noah Clark's boy, sir," was the reply. On the return of Edwards, the same boy appeared and opened the gate for him. He thanked the little fellow, and again asked, "Whose boy are you?" "Noah Clark's, sir; the same man's boy I was a quarter of an hour ago, sir."

Some blunders arise from misapprehension. A bishop of Oxford sent around to the churchwardens in his diocese a circular of inquiries, including the question, "Does the officiating clergyman preach the gospel, and is his conversation and carriage consistent therewith?" One churchwarden replied: "He preaches the gospel, but does not keep a carriage."

A doctor who had one day allowed himself to drink too much, was sent for to see a fashionable lady who was ailing. He sat down by the bedside, took out his watch, and began to count her pulse as well as his obfuscated condition would permit. He counted, One, two, three—then got confused and began again, One, two, three, four. Still confused, he began again, One, two. No, he could not do it. Thoroughly ashamed of himself, he shut up his watch, muttering, "Tipsy, I declare—tipsy!" Staggering to his feet, he told the lady to keep to her bed and take some hot lemonade to throw her into a perspiration, and he would see her next day. In the morning he received the following note from the lady, marked private:

"Dear Doctor—You were right. I dare not deny it. But I am thoroughly ashamed of myself, and will be more careful in the future. Please accept the enclosed fee for your visit, and do not, I entreat of you, breathe a word about the condition in which you found me."

In short, the lady had herself been drinking too much, and catching the doctor's muttered words, thought they referred to her. He was too far gone to see what was the matter with his patient, and she too far to observe that the doctor was in the same condition.

A clergyman used to tell the following story: One day he was taking a simple friend from the country to see the insane asylum, but passing the Merchants' Exchange on the way, he took him to the door to look in. The man, who thought they had got to their destination, stood behind his friend, and staring eagerly over his shoulder at the merchants stepping up and down, and gathering in eager groups, exclaimed with surprise not unmingled with awe: "Is't safe, man? they are a' loose!"

Our National Bird.

The origin of the device of the eagle on national and royal banners may be traced to very early times. It was the ensign of the ancient kings of Persia and Babylon. The Romans adopted many other figures on their camp standards; but C. Marius, B. C. 102, made the eagle alone the ensign of the legions, and confined the other figures to the cohorts. The Roman eagles were gold or silver figures in relievo, about the size of a pigeon, and were borne on the tops of spears with their wings displayed, and frequently with a thunderbolt in their talons. When the army marched, the eagle was always visible to the legions, and when it encamped the eagle was placed before the pretorium or tent of the general. The eagle on the summit of an ivory staff was also the symbol of the consular dignity. From the Romans, the French under the empire adopted the eagle. The emperors of the Western Roman empire used a black eagle, those of the East a golden one. Since the time of the Romans almost every state that has assumed the designation of an empire has adopted the eagle for its military symbol. Austria, Persia, Russia, Poland and France all took the eagle. The two-headed eagle signifies a double empire. Charlemagne was the first to use it, for when he became master of the whole German empire he added the second head to the eagle, A. D. 802, to signify that the empires of Rome and Germany were united in him. The eagle is an emblem of fortitude and magnanimity, and has been universally preferred as the continental emblem of sovereignty.

In early days, all the feathered tribe more or less were regarded as messengers and interpreters of the unseen world; but the place of the eagle, the king of birds, was always highest. The poets make him bear the thunderbolts of the great deity, Jupiter. The Egyptians consecrated it to Ammon, their god. In the Scandinavian mythology, the eagle, reposing on the highest bough of the mystic ash, the tree of life, and between his eyes a hawk, was the symbol of Providence—life, power, watchfulness.

This bird plays a most important part in the traditions of all the nations of the Eastern continent, and likewise figures extensively in those of the oldest American nations of whom we have any account. Mexico was formerly inhabited by a race of savages, while the Mexican ancestors of those who were conquered by Cortez resided in the North—perhaps were the mound builders of the Mississippi Valley. They were commanded by their god to move to the South and conquer and expel the then inhabitants of Mexico. Led by their captain, Mexi, they went forth, carrying the image of their god in a tabernacle made of reeds, which was placed in the center of the camp whenever they halted, and all their movements were governed by this deity. Having reached the country now called Mexico, the god appeared to Mexi in a dream, and told him to settle where he should see an eagle sitting on a fig tree growing out of a rock in the lake. This spot was found, and they laid the foundations of the City of Mexico. The tabernacle of the deity was placed in the midst, until a temple could be built for him.

The species of the eagle are many, and the largest is the imperial eagle of South America, but the United States have adopted the bald eagle variety, which is very largely distributed over North America, and is remarkably noble in aspect. Students in natural history, however, have not considered the bald eagle an altogether appropriate and satisfactory emblem of our beloved country. He lives, it is said, a life of rapine, and, unwilling to hunt his own prey, he robs those who are industrious. If a hawk strikes down a quarry, the bald eagle appropriates it. If a sea eagle, after an hour's watching, pounces on a fish, the bald eagle waits till he has raised it to a good height in the air, then dashes at him, makes him drop it and hurry off screaming, while he with a swoop catches and devours it.

The following are some of the more noted historical incidents in which the eagle has been the agent in fixing or influencing the destinies of nations or individuals:

When Gordius, a peasant of Phrygia, in Asia Minor, was tilling his ground, an eagle alighted on the yoke of his plow. This was an omen of sovereignty. The Phrygians, harrassed by civil commotions, applied to an oracle, which declared that a cart should bring them a king. Gordius and his son Midas soon came to the assembly, riding in a cart, and Midas was chosen king. The cart was afterward tied up in the citadel with the famous Gordian knot, afterward cut, in his peremptory manner, by the sword of Alexander the Great.

The Roman sceptre was surmounted with the head of an eagle. This was adopted by Tarquin the Proud, the sixth and last king, on whose entrance into Rome an eagle took off his cap, circled twice around his chariot, and then put it on again.

The selection of Constantinople, the ancient Byzantium, as the seat of the Eastern Empire, is said to have been directed by an eagle. Constantine had fixed upon the site of ancient Tyre, and the engineers were laying out the city, when an eagle came, seized the measuring line, flew off with it, and dropped it in Byzantium.

The Athenians found the remains of Theseus, buried long before in the island of Scyros, by the guidance of an eagle.

In conclusion, it may be said that no bird ever received such honors as "Old Abe," the war eagle of Wisconsin, an annual appropriation for his maintenance being made by the legislature.

Of all monarchs, Nature is the most just in the enactment of laws, and the most rigorous in exacting punishment for their violation.

A FAREWELL.

The west wind laden with fragrance blows,
The dewdrops shine in the crimson rose—
Is there something else to tell?
Aye: winds must pass and dewdrops fall,
Naught that is gone can we recall;
So now, dear love, farewell.

Sweet lips prattle and laugh and sing,
White arms tenderly, closely cling—
Is there something else to tell?
Aye: the sweet lips shall silent be,
And the arms unclasp in their agony;
So now, dear love, farewell.

Then there is nothing that God has made
That will not one day fall or fade—
O Poet, in mercy tell!
Aye: love shall reign in those breasts of ours
When eyes and lips and wind-waved flowers
Have known their last farewell.

For love is purer than dewdrops are,
The winds go never so wide and far,
And none may truly tell
How, when the sweet caress has gone,
And words are silent; true love lives on,
Never to say farewell.

SYLVIA;

—OR—

The Fernley Pride.

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

I kissed the warm brown face whose troubles were all for me, and left the room. I found Denis, his mother and cousin, together, talking earnestly, and was struck with the picture they formed, quite unconsciously, in that large, lofty room, with its one north window, through which the bright landscape was seen and contrasted well with the deep tone of the room. Traces of trouble were visible on Lady Fernley's face as she looked anxiously towards the other two; but her fine, portly presence had all its usual pride, and, in spite of her inquietude, she sat upright in her high backed chair, as if it were a throne. The light fell on the whiteness of her delicate ruffles, touched tenderly the soft full bands of gray hair, and still fine tints of her clear skin, and lost itself in the rich dark folds of her dress. Denis was changed since I first met him—pale, with clear, brown, large, sombre eyes, and masses of black hair. He made a noble picture against the background of oak wainscoting. I looked at him leaning back in his chair with folded arms, and tried to preserve the callous indifference which Jessa's revelation had a little shaken.

Opposite to these two, carelessly lounging, half-sitting, half leaning on the table, was Lord Towerscourt, with his varying complexion, his short wavy brown hair, and his changeable gray eyes—which were as curious in color as in expression, now darkened by some inner feeling till they looked almost black, now light and laughing as blue eyes. He wore one of the gray suits that were becoming to his tall easy figure, and appeared to be highly enjoying what his companions were saying. He sprang up as I entered.

"Has Denis been subscribing to some matrimonial organ, and seen some particularly safe investment, that he is bent on marrying me off-hand this morning, Mrs. Fernley. My aunt and he seem to think that I have not a moment to lose."

"On the contrary, Eustace, I recommend you to look well about you, and be most careful in your choice of a wife."

Jessa's painful story at once recurred to me as Lady Fernley said this so impressively.

"Very good; then I've plenty of time before me. I am only twenty-six, sound in wind and limb, with a few shot in the locker, and I've promised myself a little more roving before I settle."

"My good fellow," Denis said, with a look of annoyance, "I do not wish to bias your inclinations, but you would very much oblige me by thinking seriously of this. Though you don't call yourself rich you have a tolerably fair income; you are my next of kin; and if anything should happen to me, your hands would be full."

"Come, come, no post-mortem arrangements, Denis, or Mrs. Fernley will detest me on the spot. I am not thinking of marriage just yet. I assure you I think of traveling all next year; and, like that model of good sense, Tony Lumpkin, 'I don't care about disappointing my friends, but I can't abide to disappoint myself.' And now Mrs. Fernley is tired of the subject, and so am I; and shall follow her and enter upon another."

He said this as he came after me out through the hall and into the garden, but we were both silent as we brushed through the short thick grass and crossed the rustic bridge over the stream, where the lazy lilies lay motionless, upturning their lazy eyes toward the sky. We entered the park beyond, where there were shady places.

He did not speak at all. Once or twice before he had thus joined me in my walks and been very quiet and subdued, changing his manner almost instantly when we were alone. I liked this silent sympathy with my moods; and, glancing at him, it struck me again that he was not always as gay at heart as he was generally believed to be.

"Will you rest here?" he asked presently—and his flexible voice was almost plaintive as he spoke.

I assented, and sat in the shade on a moss-covered tree trunk which the winds had felled some winters back; he threw himself upon the ground at my feet, and idly drew the dried up grasses through his bony fingers.

"You don't want to be alone, do you?" he asked.

"Oh, no, if you like to stay."

"Mrs. Fernley"—looking up suddenly—"can you tell me why my aunt and Denis have been bothering me all this morning to marry?"

I thought to myself that if Jessa had not misstated their conversation, I did know, and that the desire of the two proud people was to feel secure that the future heir of the Fernleys made a wise choice.

"I cannot wonder that Denis recommends marriage."

"If you begin compliments, I shall wish to be alone," I said abruptly.

"Is it a compliment to wish to have you for a friend? If so, I have paid you the compliment since the day we met at six o'clock in the morning. No—I say headlong things occasionally, I know, but I have never thought of paying you compliments. "I could not," he added in a lower tone.

I began to feel annoyed—the tone of the conversation did not suit me.

"How angry I have made you," he cried, looking up with laughing eyes. "But, believe me, I am not quite such a conceited prig as you deem me. You look romantic enough in your present setting to make a man look very foolish, I dare say; but if you had not persistently snubbed me, you would have been told before now why Psyche herself could awaken in me only a cool fraternal interest."

"Then you may forget that I have snubbed you," I returned more graciously.

"Can I confide my griefs to you?"

"If they are real and not imaginary ones."

"How sedate you are! I am almost afraid to speak. I always think you are a little like that paragon, Lady Jane Grey, except that I know she must have flirted in a quiet, blue stocking way with old Roger Ascham. Well, but may I speak freely, as if my good little sister Audrey were in your place?"

"Yes, you may."

"Then, Audrey, my dear, I've been hard hit," he said, looking up into my face—and his strange eyes were very dark now. "And that is the reason I will hear no talk of marriage for me. You and Denis were not in London last year, or you would have met my Edith somewhere. Now she's married, Mrs. Fernley. I met her last week at the Cowper's ball—the ball you would not go to. She is no happier than I, poor darling."

"Oh, I am sorry indeed! Married? Oh, then there is no hope."

"None, I cannot see her again. The mere fact that the girl a man loved is married does not annihilate his feelings for her, and I can already see that her husband is an ungrateful fool and unworthy of her."

We were both silent.

"Thank you for listening to my moan," he said quietly.

The tears were in my eyes as I held out my hand.

"Of course I cannot give you any comfort—but I shall often think of what you have told me, and then be sorry for you."

"Will you—will you?" he said eagerly. "Then you do comfort me." And before I could stop him he had pressed his lips upon my hand impulsively. "Thank you, my dear Audrey," he added hastily, but looking up half laughing, half deprecatingly, "Denis used to say I was like a girl. I am proud of the distinction since it has impelled me to confide all my woes to you."

"Does Denis know of this?"

"My dear Mrs. Fernley, do you think men unbosom themselves to each other if they can get a sweet sympathetic voice to listen to them. Denis is too happy a man to listen to a luckless fellow like me. He would give me only a half-contemptuous pity for failing where he succeeded. But you—if, while Audrey is away you will be my Audrey—"

"No," I interrupted gravely, "I will be your very good friend, but not your sister. You must not call me so, or think of me except as Mrs. Fernley. I can take no character excepting my own," I said, and I got up and walked on.

"I have offended you now," he said quite humbly, springing up too. "Were I to take your sweet friendship as though it were my due, you would not scruple to show it, because I've shown my gratitude like a man who feels quickly; perhaps I have frightened you away."

"It is not that," I returned, blushing; "I have something to forgive myself for before I think of blaming you. I suppose neither of us has forgotten that I asked you to help me to conceal something from my husband."

"Mrs. Fernley, indeed you wrong me!"—and he colored as deeply as myself. "No thought of disrespect to you has ever been in my mind. Do not visit on me my first stupid interference, though then I never mistook your meaning, believe me; but since then, when every day, every hour shows me your character, your life, more clearly—what shall I say?—I admire you and reverence you above all women and desire for your friendship."

I own that in my desolate position his earnestness touched me. But it was not soothing to my pride that this quick-witted young man already guessed the true state of affairs between Denis and me though he knew not the cause.

"Never mind now, tell me about your Edith," I said; and he took the hint and gave me a pretty idyllic picture of the growth of his own and Edith's passion, which was frustrated by worldly wisdom.

Scarcely conscious whither we were walking, I found at last that we had managed to stray towards one of the keeper's little lodges near the end of the park. Looking at my watch I found it was near the hour when I was to ride with Denis. It was impossible to get home in time if I went through the park again. We were just in sight of the road when my companion said—

"This is fortunate. There is Denis and his chestnut coming towards us. Is he going to ride that kicking brute while you are with him?"

"He may; but she is fresh this morning; and look—there's a lady—greatly frightened she seems. Call her in here, Lord Towerscourt."

Then such a scene followed that I shudder to remember it even now. Lord Towerscourt ran towards the road in full speed; but Denis and his chestnut were quicker. The creature was in one of her bad tempers; nevertheless her rider seemed able to control her, till they neared the lady who was paralyzed with fright, though there was time for her to escape to the lodge, where the gate stood open. All at once it seemed to me, as I looked on horror-stricken, that the chestnut was put at her, and fairly rode her down. That might have been a mistake—Denis might have lost momentary control; but it was no mistake that the moment after he leaped from the saddle, lifted the woman's prostrate body, looked at her, threw her from his arms, mounted the rearing horse again, and dashed out of sight.

"Great Heaven, the man's mad!" I heard Eustace exclaim.

The next minute we lifted the fallen woman.

"No, he's not mad, Lord Towerscourt—he knew too well what he was doing. This is my mother, and he has tried to kill her!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Fainting, cut, bruised, we thought dying, after being ridden down, wilfully or not, by my husband, she was carried in the little lodge, and laid on a rough sofa. The lodge keeper was the wife of the undergardener, whom I had noticed soon after my return with Denis from the continent. Lord Towerscourt hurried off for a doctor, and the young wife and I were left with the sufferer. I shivered at the sight of the flowing blood, and the death-like, beautiful face, but no tears dimmed my eyes; once I stopped and kissed the bruised forehead—the kiss registered a vow.

At last my mother looked up, and at the first attempt to lift her hand, shrieked aloud. We cut the sleeve and laid bare her fair arm. It was discolored, and I feared broken. As her senses returned her agitation increased; there was one perpetual moan, "William! William!" as she shrank from the light, trembling in every limb; large tears flowed down her cheeks as she lay with quivering lips, her tender frame shaken with pain and fright. Her rich mantle and bonnet were laid aside; we forced the convulsed throat to swallow a little spirit, and bathed the bruises without daring to move her for fear of causing a renewal of her fearful screams. Pretty, pale Mrs. Benson was folding up everything she could find, my mother moaning on the sofa, and I kneeling beside her, when the sunlight streaming through the open door was obscured by a man's figure, a strong, full-toned voice exclaiming—

"Gracious powers, is that you, Julia?"

An elderly, middle-sized man, with dark hair and heavy eyes, and dressed in rather faded black clothes, stood in the doorway leaning on a stout cane and looking with unfeigned alarm towards the couch. On hearing the voice the sufferer aroused herself.

"William, see what has happened! O, save me!" she cried, in piercing tones. "I was afraid of meeting him. You would have me——"

"Good gracious, this is dreadful!" he said, stepping into the room. "Can you tell me, madam, what it means? I left my sister half an hour ago safe and well. Has there been an accident?"

"No accident—no accident! He did it on purpose, William. He tried to make the horse trample me to death! Oh, that fearful man!"

"Hush, hush!" I whispered, bending over her as she clung to my dress. "I am yours from this day, but spare me a little at first."

"You have brought me here to die, William," she muttered, closing her eyes with a shudder, then her grasp relaxed and she fainted.

"Ah, that's better!" said the new-comer, almost in a tone of satisfaction, turning to me. "She faints at a mere nothing; that is not dangerous. But is a doctor coming?"

"Yes."

"Very good. And now tell me, if you please, how she came to be in this condition."

"She's been knocked down by a horse, sir," returned Mrs. Benson, as I turned towards the sufferer. "But I don't know anything of it myself, being busy in the house. It was my mistress and his lordship who brought the lady here."

"You can see what has happened. Is it not enough?" I broke in.

As I turned sullenly from him he looked at me, round the little room, at the park seen from the window, and then stepped shortly after me and touched me on the arm.

"Are you not Mrs. Fernley?" he said inquisitively.

"Yes."

"Then we understand each other," he whispered, so as not to be overheard, "for that"—pointing over his shoulder—"is my sister. One moment."

He drew out a limp card and handed it to me. I read "Rev. W. Gilbert," and gave the card back to him, responding neither to his words nor his gesture, for he had half advanced his hand. I went back to the sofa, and took my place at its head, and, though he and Mrs. Benson urged first one course of action and then another to be pursued, sat there quietly till Lord Towerscourt came back with the doctor, who cleared the room and devoted himself to the patient.

"This arm is broken," he pronounced, after a brief examination. "Will one of the gentlemen assist me? She will die in one of these paroxysms some day. There—I'm glad she's fainted again. The shock to the system is what I dread."

"Will she die?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Fernley!"—looking up. "Why, is your courage going at last? Ah, I know! You saw the accident. The gentleman told me all about it. Awkward brutes, horses—even my old gig mare shows her temper sometimes. No, I've no fear for her life, if—mind you—she has proper care and nursing; but she must be kept quiet and well attended to. The lodge-keeper's wife must make her up a bed here—I can't have the lady moved today."

It took some time to set the arm, attend to the other hurts, and administer a sedative; and then Mrs. Benson came, and between us we undressed the sufferer, and put her to bed in a tiny, clean room looking out upon the park.

The worn, beautiful face lay on the coarse, white pillows, with an expression of pitiful misery on it unusual in a woman of her age. When the opiate began to take effect, she turned her soft dark eyes on me, and pleaded that I would not leave her, and clasped my hands as she fell asleep. A new sense of protecting love stole into my heart as I bent over her, and, when she awoke in fear once or twice before sleep thoroughly took possession of her, I soothed her as if I was the parent and she the child.

"She will do now and I can go," whispered the garrulous doctor, when he looked in before leaving. "What a beautiful woman she has been—one of the soft, conscienceless creatures, who ruled the world without an atom of strength and courage of their own! I've never seen a grown-up person with that child-like look of self-pity, who was worth their salt. I beg pardon, Mrs. Fernley; I understood from Mrs. Benson that the lady is a stranger to you."

I had turned sharply on him.

"Does Mrs. Benson know all my friends? That is news to me. How long will this sleep continue?"

"For two or three hours probably," said the doctor.

I left the room, and he followed, closing the door behind him.

"Who will nurse the lady?" he asked, when we both stood in the room where Mrs. Benson waited with the man who had introduced himself to me.

"I will," I replied, and all three looked at me.

"Bless you, bless you!" said the clergyman, drawing forth a very large, white handkerchief and burying his face in it, while he waved his disengaged hand in my direction. "But it is not needed. My poor sister has her own maid; my own little girl, too, would attend her sick couch rather than that you should be drawn from your home for that purpose. No, I will not suffer it."

I turned from him without answering.

"Mrs. Benson, I shall want a letter carried up to the house. Doctor, will you tell me exactly what to do until you come again?"

A strange imperious energy impressed me. I saw Mrs. Benson leave the room to see if her husband had returned from his work. The doctor gave me some concise directions and took leave, promising to return before night and the clergyman alone remained.

"Now let me speak—let me explain," he said, carefully putting his hat and gloves upon the table, and advancing with outstretched hands. "My sister's child, have you never heard of William Gilbert, your uncle, and your father's college companion?"

I nodded and looked at him attentively. He was sufficiently like my mother in complexion, hair and eyes to be a brother; yet he was a plain man, too, stout, and at once shrewd and pompous-looking—to all appearances a thoroughly respectable middle-aged clergyman—and his voice was bland and persuasive. He took my passive hand in his large, soft palm, gently patting the back of it with his other hand.

"I have tried to leave you unmolested, my dear niece," he said with a serious smile, "but my poor sister would not have it so. She has fretted since she met you just after your marriage; she quite pined during the two years you were abroad; and the one short imprudent interview since your return only whetted her ardent wish for another meeting. I tried all my poor power, but in vain, and then yielded, like a weak-natured man to give her peace. Ah, poor soul, this time she has paid dearly for her craving affection! Now, what is to be done?"

"By whom?" I asked quickly; and he smiled again, but hesitated.

"Well, by all. I suppose she must be got away from here quickly, Mr. Fernley being such a strangely unforgiving man"—shaking his head regretfully.

I considered for a few moments.

"My plans are not yet arranged, but for the future I will not be kept from seeing my mother."

"Good daughter! My niece, I am proud of you. You will heal the broken heart, and pour salve on the bruised reed."

"Nay," I said coldly, "but I will now remember my duty to more than one person; it is time for me to do so. You had better keep our relationship secret here. My mother could not remain one hour if it were generally known. Leave her entirely to me; she will need nothing that I cannot supply, and you can call to-morrow and see her. Leave me your address in case I wish to send for you."

He looked at me doubtfully.

"Pardon me, my dear niece, if, as an observer of human nature, I see that you are mentally disturbed, perhaps incensed at some one. Assure me that it is not with the injured and afflicted one in the room above us, for obeying the instincts of her loving nature in coming to see you. If there be blame visit it on me, for not preventing her from venturing near the scene of your domestic bliss."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE AND PRIDE.

BY VIVIENNE.

The massive towers of Castle Ivan shone out fair and stately in the sunlight.

The flowers which lay in masses of bloom and fragrance underneath my lady's windows, lifted their bright faces to the wooing zephyrs, unmindful that she who had loved them so well was lying cold and still within.

Cry, little babe, and wail, in this the first hour of your frail life, for no mother's smile can greet thee in the coming days.

At the foot of the hill crowned with that lordly home stands a peaceful farm-house.

Its grey walls shelter a mother, within whose arms a little form lies motionless and silent.

A servant from the great house comes in hot haste.

"Will the farmer's wife take my Lord of Ivan's motherless babe to her breast and care for it?"

Elsie Leigh turns her eyes from her dead child's face, and asks with bated breath:

"Did I hear aright? My lord's motherless bairn? Is, then, the sweet Lady of Ivan no more? Bring me the babe—the poor, wee thing! I will nurse it true and faithful."

So the little Lady Leslie became Elsie Leigh's foster-child.

Proud as were the Lords of Ivan, in their way, the owners of Leigh farm held their heads as high.

Their broad acres had been in the family for successive generations, and during that time never a dishonest action, never an ignoble life had disgraced the name.

There was another child in the household; a noble, manly boy—Elsie Leigh's first-born, named after his father, Dennis.

He was six years old when little Leslie was brought to his mother's arms; and from that moment his paramount object seemed to be to minister to her caprices.

So it went on until Leslie was six years old. Then a governess was engaged, and she was taken home to the castle.

She was a warm-hearted child, and did not forget her friends at the farm; and as she grew into early womanhood nothing gave her purer pleasure than permission to visit her foster-parents and "Dennie."

Dennis Leigh had won such enthusiastic praises from the headmaster of the village school, that the Lord of Ivan determined such talents should not be wasted.

Elsie Leigh had steadfastly refused any remuneration for the charge of the little Lady Leslie, but how could she hesitate when Leslie's father said to her:

"It is returning like for like, Dame Elsie. You nurtured my poor little darling's body—I will supply mental aliment to your boy's mind."

So Dennis Leigh at the age of twenty-two was a fine scholar, and his noble patron was so well pleased with his manly young *protege*, that he often invited him to the castle, and treated him like a member of the family. In that way he saw much of Leslie who had grown into a sprightly girl of sixteen.

One day the Lord of Ivan said to him, taking a miniature portrait from its case as he spoke:

"What think you of that face, boy? Looks it not to belong to a noble youth? One worthy of a high position?"

Dennis took the picture and looked at it with keen scrutiny.

"Yes, my lord," he said at last. "You say truly. It is a fine face."

His noble patron looked pleased.

"It is Lord Henry Clyne. If Leslie proves willing, in the lapse of years I hope to call him 'son.' His parents and myself are even now talking the matter over."

A keen, sharp pang shot through the young man's heart as he listened. Then, as a revelation it came to him that he loved the high-born girl—he, the farmer's son.

The Lord of Ivan was too much engrossed with the scheme which pleased him so well to notice the face of his quiet listener; and as soon as possible Dennis made his escape to do battle with this new, sudden sorrow, alone.

His resolve was soon formed. He could not stay near Leslie's home. He would emigrate.

A party was even then forming for Australia. Their schemes had been talked over in his presence, but without awakening any fellow-feeling for their enthusiastic visions of easily acquired wealth in that new, virgin soil, until now.

Farmer Leigh was loth to part with his son; but Elsie looked deeper than her husband, and saw that all was not right with Dennis.

But at last the father gave his consent, and what was of equal importance, a goodly share of his hoarded gold, put by for a "rainy day," to help the lad along in his adopted country.

One morning, in the midst of the hasty preparations for departure, Lady Leslie and her governess came driving down the lane in her own little phaeton.

Throwing the reins to Miss Hoffman, she sprang lightly out and went into the house.

"How is this, mamma Elsie?" she asked, in her pretty, imperious way, "I hear Dennie is going to Australia, and no one had said a word to me about it until I was told this morning by my maid. Is he in? May I see him?"

Elsie nodded and pointed to the door within which Dennis was busy with his packing. Leslie gave it a sharp tap with her knuckles, and Dennis's voice said:

"Come in."

He was standing with his back to the door. He started as the fresh, young voice said "Good morning," and turned with a sudden pallor on his handsome face. She did not give him time to speak.

"Oh, Dennis, you cruel, cruel boy! to go off to that hateful, horrid country, and leave your mother and—and me! Who will teach me to ride now, and what will mamma Elsie do without her only boy? Don't go, Dennie; stay for my sake!"

"Do you really care so much about my going?" asked Dennis, looking at her wistfully, an eager light coming into his dark eyes in spite of his efforts to appear calm.

"Indeed I do. It will break my heart if you go," said Leslie, impetuously, looking up into his agitated face, her innocent eyes unshadowed by any feeling stronger than that of a child for a brother.

But her words had raised a wild tempest in the heretofore sternly restrained young man.

"I will tell you why I go, Leslie. It is because I love you with a love more engrossing than man ever before gave to woman. Oh! what have I said?

Leslie drew back in white, trembling surprise. All the traditions of her ancient house rose, ghost-like, before her.

"I am sorry, Dennis," she said, tremulously; "you must try and forget me—that is, as anything but a loved and loving sister. Good-bye and good fortune."

The next moment she had rejoined her governess and was on her way home.

* * * * *

Years have passed. A fine estate adjacent to the grounds of Castle Ivan had passed into a stranger's hands. It has been fitted up in a style far surpassing that of any mansion in the surrounding country, and its new proprietor is on his way to take possession. He is mounted on a coal-black steed that pricks up his ears and caracoles gracefully from side to side of the road as the sudden sound of music bursts upon the air.

"Be still, Viking, that's a good fellow," says his master, soothingly. "Will you tell me the cause of these rejoicings?" he asks, turning to a gaily dressed group of peasantry, on their way to Ivan Castle.

"Yes, your honor. It is to welcome the new-married pair. God bless 'em! It's the glad day for the Lord of Ivan."

Dennis Leigh—for it was he, returning rich and honored—felt a sinking of his heart, and turned. Within an open carriage, bowing affably to right and left, he saw the bridal pair.

His eyes turned towards the lady, expecting to see Lady Leslie; but it was not the bright face he so well remembered. The next moment he recognised in the bridegroom the Lord of Ivan.

"So Castle Ivan has a new mistress," he thought.

Then he turned and asked.

"Is the Lady Leslie married?"

"No, your honor; though 'tis not for lack of chances that she remains single. Some of the grandest in the realm have sighed in vain for her favor."

Then Dennis Leigh rode on. Before many days he sought out the Lord of Ivan.

"Tell him," he said to the obsequious attendant, "that it is the new master of Craigthorne, who seeks to renew an old acquaintance."

He was soon ushered into the presence of his former patron.

He rose with stately dignity as Dennis Leigh entered. After a searching look he held out his hand, and said:

"Pardon, sir, but my memory is at fault. Where have we met?"

"I am Dennis Leigh, my lord. He whom you befriended, now Sir Dennis. I have returned successful beyond my wildest dreams. Money has absolutely poured in upon my every venture; and, best of all, I was fortunate enough to do her majesty service in helping to quell an insurrection, and she did me the honor to bestow in person a decoration upon me, and to declare me from henceforth one of her own true knights. I tell you this now, ere I accept the hand of friendship you are so kind as to extend to me; for I have had but one motive in life during all these years, and it is meet that you should know at once to what I aspire. It is to the hand of your daughter—the Lady Leslie!"

Surprise was written upon every lineament of his auditor's haughty face as he listened.

He fully appreciated that the proposed match offered some advantages; but his pride revolted at the thought of bestowing his peerless Leslie upon one who was not equal in rank.

Still he wished not to offend his healthy neighbor.

A thought struck him. Leslie should give her own answer. He doubted not that it would be a decided, uncompromising:

"No."

He rang the bell.

"Tell the Lady Leslie I desire her presence in the drawing-room. Be seated, sir. We will have an answer from my daughter's own lips."

A few moments of suspense, and Leslie came in, looking very fair and stately in her sweeping velvet robe, relieved only by a diamond star that glimmered amid her dark braids, and by a bunch of purple pansies at her throat.

"Sir Dennis Leigh, my dear."

Leslie gave a sudden start at the name, and turned towards the stranger, but she did not recognise the bronzed, heavily bearded, courtly-looking man who had bowed at the formal introduction. Then her father's voice said:

"Do you not see Leslie? It is your old-time friend, 'Dennie.'"

Then, with a glad light in her lustrous eyes, Leslie held out her jewelled hands.

"Welcome home!" she said softly.

As her father watched her a sudden intuition of the truth came to him.

"Could it be," he thought, "that it was for love of Dennis Leigh that Leslie had been so cold and indifferent to the handsome young suitors who had come to woo her?"

He turned to Dennis.

"Plead your own suit, young man," he said. "I give my daughter full permission to follow the dictates of her own heart."

"Lady Leslie," said Dennis, in the deep, rich tones Leslie so well remembered, "I have come from a foreign land to lay my heart at your feet. I am rich, and honored by our gracious sovereign's approval; but all is worthless to me without you. Will you stoop from your high estate to be my wife?"

There was a moment's pause; then Leslie went to him.

"If you were still the poor farmer lad I should say 'yes' the same. Your image has filled my heart to the exclusion of all others, since that distant morning when you told me that it was for love of me that you were going to expatriate yourself, and I, cold and cruel in my pride, let you go without a detaining word."

"It is the second time in the annals of our race," said the courtly Lord of Ivan, extending his hand cordially to young Leigh, "that true love has triumphed over pride. May your marriage prove as auspicious as did the union of our ancestor."

His wish was granted, for Dennis and Leslie were happy.

THE SANDWICH.—To the memory of Lord Sandwich" belongs the name of that edible. Being, during his administration (as was very usual with him) at a gambling-house, he had, in the fascination of play, for more than five and twenty hours forgotten fatigue and hunger, when suddenly feeling disposed to break his fast, though still riveted to the table, he called to bid some one bring anything that was to be had to eat, which happened to be a slice of beef and two pieces of bread. Placing them together for the sake of expedition, he devoured them with the greatest relish. The most ecstatic encomiums published his discovery, and giving it his name, bequeathed it as a memento to his country, as one of the most important acts of his administration.

CAN SNAKES POISON ONE ANOTHER.—It is generally believed that when one venomous snake bites another its poison is just as fatal to it as a human being. A member of the Paris Academy of Sciences however, has, contradicted this notion. He says that his attention was first directed to this subject in 1853, and since that time had made a number of experiments with serpents, and found that when they bite one another they produce common wounds, not fatal, poisonous bites. He asserts that travellers, who have related marvellous stories to the contrary of this, have either been mistaken or have related myths.

THE FAT OF ANIMALS.—That animals may sometimes be kept alive for a long time solely on nourishment supplied from their own bodies is evident from the fact that after a great fall of earth on one occasion from the cliff at Dover, which buried a whole family, a hog was found alive five months and nine days after it had thus been buried. It weighed about seven score when the accident happened, and had wasted to about thirty pounds, but was likely to do well.

THE LEEK.—On a certain occasion, King Caldwell, of Wales, met a Saxon army. In order to distinguish his men from the Saxons he placed a leek in each of their hats, and, having gained a decisive victory over their enemies, the leek became ever after the badge of the Welsh.

FACETIÆ

"A pair of suspenders"—A dual hanging.

"A relief society"—A gang of pickpockets.

A striking remark—"Give him one on the nose."

"The oyster season"—Vinegar, salt, and pepper.

"Steady diet"—An avoidance of the flowing bowl.

"A measure of economy"—The dry goods clerk's, who gives thirty-three inches for a yard.

It seems inconsistent, but it is a fact that new watches are almost always "second-hand" articles.

Col. Ingersoll does not believe in a fiery hereafter, and therefore some of his friends deem him inconsistent in getting up a lecture on Burns.

Some of our blue-blooded American aristocratic families, who made their money in the war, get awful red in the face when anything is expressed them C. O. D.

The temperance cause has at least the negative consolation of knowing that "steady drinkers" will not, under ordinary circumstances, remain steady very long.

It may be a small thing, but it is a fact that with many people the sanitary value of regular washing just now altogether depends on whether they can have a little warm water to mix with the cold.

A peculiarity of Nature is that she always works by general laws and firmly established principles. Thus a too frequent crooking of the elbow is certain in most cases to superinduce a subsequent crooking of the legs.

The young man who previous to the wedding seven months ago, promised to always get up and make the fire, is beginning to ask himself if he wasn't a trifle too precipitate, and is about moving for a reconsideration of the resolution.

Moralists inform us we should not swear, yet let them inform us when a man has waited up all night to be in time for the morning train, and on reaching the depot finds it just a minute gone, what language it is expected he should use!

Farinaceous or starchy food is said to be most healthy and fattening, yet what man thinks of this as he feels the prospects of his ears withstanding the cutting off process of his over-supplied collar, grow smaller by degrees and beautifully less.

Autumn poets and prosers have sung unceasingly the season's beauties and charms, but what is singular in the matter is that few think of adding more flannels until a nasty cold in the head tells them there is influenza in the dying year as well as poetry.

The influence of Sunday school books narrating the sinless careers of good boys, has never yet led a youth to that degree of confidence in his kind that if, in an excess of generosity, he allows himself to be prevailed upon to give a mouthful of his apple to another boy, he is entirely without apprehensions that he will indulge in a "hog-bite."

Late experiences go to show that the American citizen is more than ready to fight, or even go to war, for what he believes to be a just cause, but this disposition is nothing compared to the alacrity with which he will get up and swear to insanity that he played the four-spot for "low" in a close game.

DON'T Irritate your Lungs with a Stubborn Cough, when a remedy as safe and certain as Dr. Jayne's Expectorant can be so easily procured. Sore Throats and Lungs are speedily helped by it.

MY SHIP.

BY S. A. M. MOSS.

Long time ago beside the sea
I stood and saw my fair ship sail;
Propitious was the day and hour,
And lightly blew the favoring gale.

Men said, "She will return to you
All richly laden some fair day;
With winds so soft and skies so blue,
You're blest in launching her away."

But never yet have tidings come,
Nor comes the ship that was my pride;
I've watched and waited weary years
The flowing and the ebbing tide.

Yet far upon the silent sea,
Hope tells me still my ship doth sail,
And some day will return to me,
When lightly blows the favoring gale.

But age has silvered now my hair,
Youth's griefs, joys, and loves past by;
What can it profit me, I ask,
To see my ship come in and—die?

The Serpent's Fang.

BY M. T.

Not far from where I lived, while I was in the Isle of Dominique, there stood a certain large and well appointed house in private grounds of its own, half hidden in luxuriant tropical foliage, the verdure of which surpassed almost any other garden I have ever seen.

Its sole inhabitant was an old man—a wealthy, retired planter, of Spanish extraction, named De Rosas. This old man was a widower, and had lived in the strictest retirement ever since the death of his only daughter, who it was whispered, had been murdered in some way just on the eve of her marriage

Various strange reports were circulated about the sad fate of this girl, Miss De Rosas, as she was called. My curiosity was much excited on the subject, and I at last became acquainted with the real facts of the case, which were as follows:

One night, a few years before I came to Dominique, Mr. De Rosas' pretty house was brilliantly illuminated in preparation for a wedding. Giulia, his only child and heiress, was about to be married to her cousin, Louis Despard, who had just returned to the island after two years' absence.

Giulia de Rosas looked very lovely as she stood in her chamber, arrayed in her bridal dress, attended by an old negro woman, who had been her nurse, and was now promoted to be her maid.

Though but just sixteen, the young heiress, like most West Indians at that age, looked fully grown up, and perfectly beautiful.

The negro woman was kneeling at her young mistress' feet, and gazing with fond admiration into her face.

"Shall I do, Susannah? Do I look nice?" asked Giulia, nervously.

The old woman clasped her hands with an exclamation of delight.

"Oh, missy, you look jest like an angel from de berry clouds!"

The bride elect smiled at this extravagant praise, and said hastily, "Has Father Joseph arrived?"

"Yes, honey. Him wid Massa Louis and yer fadder in de libr'y. Ebberyting ready for de ceremony."

Giulia walked slowly across the room, pausing before an ebony dressing case, and examining its contents. Presently she exclaimed, as if the remembrance had just crossed her mind, "Oh, Susannah, my little silver flask has never been found! Have you searched well everywhere? You know what a dangerous thing it is to leave about. Are you sure it is not in the library?"

"No, honey. it's not in de libr'y," answered the negress, with an air of conviction, "for I axed Massa Louis and de master, and dey said dey hadn't seen it anywhere."

The young girl looked pale and anxious at this statement, for the little silver flask was indeed a dangerous plaything to have lost.

It contained a subtle narcotic poison, decocted from a tropical plant, the very odor of which often proved fatal when inhaled.

The silver flask had belonged to Giulia's mother, and was highly prized by her in consequence.

The poison it contained had been rather imprudently entrusted to the young heiress by a West Indian quack doctor, who had directed her to use it diluted in water, in infinitesimally small quantities, as a specific for toothache.

Giulia, being a prudent, sensible girl, and knowing the deadly nature of the quack doctor's remedy, although it was undoubtedly effectual, had always kept the little flask containing it carefully locked up in her dressing case, and had never missed it before.

That day, however, her dressing-case being open from the early morning, and all her things scattered about the room, it was hardly surprising that some article should be mislaid.

Giulia's forebodings were interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps in the corridor.

The next moment the door opened, and her father, a white-haired, stately-looking old man, came in. He paused on the threshold, and looked half mournfully at the radiant girl in her wedding dress.

The girl ran to him, flung her white arms about his neck, and resting her head upon his shoulders, looked up into his face with a glance of mingled love and devotion.

"Are they ready, father?" she whispered. "The carriages have been coming for the last hour, and the lights and music are bewildering. I am so anxious to have done with it all."

She raised her head as she spoke, and saw a shadow cross her father's face.

"Louis is in very low spirits," said the old man, gently; "he has had a great grief. I wished to postpone the wedding, but he insisted so strongly on its taking place to-night, that I have yielded, though reluctantly."

Giulia trembled as she asked, "What has happened?"

"Louis' only brother Felix sailed with him from San Francisco, intending to be present at the wedding, but the vessel in which they embarked was wrecked off Jamaica, and all hands were lost, except Louis himself and two sailors. His brother perished with the rest."

"How terrible!"

"Yes, Giulia; Louis feels his brother's death very deeply. But, come; he and Father Joseph are expecting us in the library."

They went out together, Susannah slowly following, and entered the library in silence. Louis Despard and the priest rose as they came in.

"You will find Giulia greatly changed, Louis," said the old planter, with fond pride; "but for the better, I think."

The young man advanced, and drew near Miss De Rosas with a slow, nervous step.

He was tall and thin, with black hair and eyes, and a resolute mouth; but there was a sinister expression on his countenance, which denoted an evil disposition.

He would have taken her in his arms, but she recoiled from him with a cry of horror, her face growing deadly pale.

"Father!" she gasped, "this man is not Louis Despard!"

Every vestige of color fled from the young man's face as her words rang through the room. He grasped a chair for support, while the priest and old Mr. De Rosas stared at the beautiful girl in speechless amazement.

"She is mad!" faltered Louis at last.

"She is mad!" echoed the priest.

"No," interrupted her father; "she is not mad—she is only excited. Giulia," he added, taking her hand, "pray be calm. This is no time for a scene. Speak to Louis."

But the bride drew back, shuddering.

"That man is an impostor!" she repeated. "He is not Louis Despard! Heaven help me!"

With a piercing scream that rang through the house, Giulia de Rosas fell into her father's arms in a deadly swoon.

The festivities, of course, ended abruptly, and the wedding was postponed indefinitely.

The guests dispersed, but rumor was busy, and the strange caprice of the petted heiress was the theme of every tongue.

* * * * *

Six long weeks elapsed before Giulia de Rosas recovered her senses.

Her first coherent words were concerning Louis Despard; and when her father, with his eyes full of tears, promised her that the young man should be sent away, she thanked him warmly, but made no further reference to her disbelief in his identity.

When old Mr. De Rosas was satisfied that his child was out of danger, and that her recovery was only a question of time, he sought Louis Despard.

Since that eventful wedding night the young man had remained at the plantation house, a small building in the grounds, betraying the deepest anxiety about the illness of his affianced bride.

The old planter found him in a little thicket near the house, seated on a fallen log, with a fowling piece resting against the trunk of a tree beside him.

He was examining something, which he held in his hand, very critically and minutely.

It was a tiny silver flask, the very one Giulia was so distressed at having lost on the night of her intended wedding.

"I have some good news for you, Louis!" cried the old planter, as he came up. "My precious child is out of danger, and will soon be entirely recovered!"

"These are indeed glad tidings!" responded Despard; "for my position is very unpleasant. The whole island is ringing with the charge Giulia has made against me and our immediate marriage will alone silence gossiping tongues."

"The marriage can never take place," said Mr. De Rosas, sternly.

"Never take place!" echoed Despard, springing to his feet.

"Never, Louis! Highly as I esteem you, the happiness of my daughter is above all other considerations. She has taken a violent prejudice against you, and will never be your wife."

Louis Despard turned ghastly pale; his hands clenched together convulsively.

"Surely you cannot mean this!" he gasped.

"Yes. But you will lose nothing by your sacrifice, for, pecuniarily speaking, your prospects will be increased; you will inherit most of my estate."

Louis pressed the old man's hand with fervor.

"You are too generous," he murmured. "Does Giulia know this?"

"I told her of it the night of your arrival."

"It breaks my heart to lose her, but I will bow to your decree."

The two men turned their steps towards the house, walking slowly, and conversing together; and when they reached home, Louis retired to his room to pack his belongings preparatory to an early departure from the island.

That evening Giulia was alone in the drawing room.

The evening stillness was only broken by a gentle wind that crept among the trees.

The young girl had seated herself near the window. She was still very pale, and her anxious expression denoted a mind ill at ease.

Her thoughts were centred on the real Louis Despard, whom she loved with an ardor that increased in strength as the conviction gained upon her that the person claiming to represent him was an impostor. But beyond some subtle instinct within her, she had no proof to support this idea.

Giulia was aroused from her reverie by a firm, quick step in the garden. The next instant a dark figure swung itself up from the path below the window, and a man, dressed in the garb of a sailor, leaned over the verandah, and peered into the room.

Giulia rose from her seat with a quick thrill of terror.

"Have I the honor to address Miss De Rosas?" asked the intruder with a foreign accent.

The girl beat her head, but was too frighted to speak.

"Then I have a message for you," he said, handing her a sealed package; "and, had I not promised to serve Mr. Despard, who once did me a great favor, I should not have risked the chance of being punished as a deserter from my ship to deliver this. Poor fellow; it is the last favor he will ever ask of me."

And, as suddenly as he had come, the strange sailor disappeared.

With a feeling that this abrupt interview was the prelude to some fearful discovery, Guilia sank into a seat and opened the letter. It ran thus; and what a throb of mingled joy and pain did the sight of the familiar handwriting give her:

"MY GIULIA:—

"My promised bride, when you read these lines I shall have passed from this world. I must be brief, for I am too weak to write at length.

"Giulia, I have been the victim of a deep-dyed villain. You have heard me speak of my twin brother, Felix, of the wonderful resemblance there is between us. For years I have regarded him with the most devoted affection, and shared with him every good thing that fell to my lot. Yet he has proved my deadliest enemy.

"We sailed together from San Francisco to Jamaica, and one night, during a violent storm, he lured me on deck and pushed me overboard.

"The waves cast me upon the beach, unconscious and half dead. I was picked up by a negro and carried to his hut, where I now lie, and where I seem to have spent an eternity of time and torture.

"I am in the last stage of yellow fever—there is no hope.

"A sailor who happened to pass by the hut, and who was of the crew of the lost ship, promised to carry this to you. My strength fails—my sight grows dim. Good-bye, my love—my only love—forever!

"LOUIS DESPARD."

The letter slipped from the girl's nerveless fingers to the floor.

The man who claimed to be Louis Despard was Louis Despard's murderer.

A wild, irrepressible desire to avenge the death of her lover entered Giulia's mind.

As she gazed distractedly before her, debating what she should do, she became aware that someone was lurking in the conservatory, the door of which stood open.

The conservatory was shut up from the dining room by a partition of perpendicular iron bars, and the door also was formed of the same metal, and fastened with a spring lock.

Near the door, on a rustic stand, surrounded by clusters of red and white lilies, stood a huge glass cage, in which Mr. De Rosas, who was a great naturalist, kept a venomous serpent.

Giulia could see its brown coils gleaming against the glass, and a terrible resolve took possession of her.

Starting up, she glided towards the door, pausing beside the table.

As she did so she became conscious that the air from the conservatory was charged with a heavy, noxious vapor, which she at once recognized as the poison contained in her long-lost silver flask.

Someone must have found it, and was now dispensing it forth, and for what purpose? She felt sure that the guilty one was no other than Felix Despard, who had overheard her conversation with the sailor, and who had determined to save himself from the pursuit of justice by taking her life with that deadly West India narcotic which slowly but surely kills, leaving no trace of its fatal work.

It seemed to Giulia that a whole lifetime was crowded into the few terrible moments of reaction which followed this conjecture.

Then, with a sudden impulse of despair, she caught up a flowerpot, and hurling it at the glass cage in the conservatory, sprang forward and closed the door violently.

There was a fearful crash, and the top of the cage, shivered into fragments, fell with a ringing sound, while the terrible serpent slowly uncoiled itself, its eyes glittering horribly.

At the noise of the crashing glass, a white face was lifted up from a clump of feathery palms. It was Felix Despard.

"You are doomed, Felix Despard!" cried the girl, faintly, retreating as she spoke. "I know all. The same cruel fate you meted out to your brother Louis I measure unto you? Cheat! liar! murderer! there is no escape!"

She staggered, overcome by the strong fumes of the poison, and, with a wild cry, dropped at his feet insensible—wrapped in a long sleep, from which she never awoke.

A few moments later, Felix Despard was also lying cold and stiff, with upturned face, in the moonlight; while the serpent, with a fiendish hiss, uncoiled itself from its victim, and glided away into the jungle.

One deadly bite from the venomous reptile had sent the murderer to his last account.

THROUGH MISERY.

BY O. A. W.

"Oh, no, I shall never love any one; I shall always be happy"' said Rena Correle gaily.

"Ah! no! When you find your flower and the dream life comes, aunt and I will take a second place. That is fate, Rena, child, and you are only human."

"But no, my life is full; there is not an empty space; if ever I marry I will learn to love my husband after that interesting occasion, not before."

"Child, you talk nonsense. I hope the dream is afar off, for we want our darling for years yet."

"Uncle, you will always have me."

She laughed musically, twining a spray of clematis in her hair, resting in the sunshine.

Rena Correle was an orphan, and had never wanted a mother's care since she was taken from the dead one's arms and carried to Mrs. Bellefield—a wee, tiny, helpless thing that had grown to be a proud, beautiful girl. She had just returned from boarding-school, accomplished and brilliant, impulsive and exacting, loving her guardians with devotion.

It was late in November and the rustle of dead leaves mingled with the tinkling of sheep bells, the lowing of cows as they wandered home in the haze.

"My child, I thought this would come, and I am so glad for you."

"A gay winter in London, auntie! Wouldn't that be glorious? Irene Dalton always said that I should spend my winters with her. And I can go, auntie?"

Rena was sitting on a low cushion, gazing dreamily westward as the soft white hand of a motherly woman stroked her hair.

Just then the gate opened and Mr. Bellefield walked up to them.

"Uncle, come over here; I want to tell you something. You remember how I used to write to you about Irene Dalton, when I was at school? Well, she wants me to go to London and stay all winter with her. May I go?"

The fair face was bright and eager.

"Rena, child,"—he looked down at her fondly, but there was a quiver of pain in his voice—"I thought that when you left school that we should always have you until the fairy prince arrived. My darling, you will go to those grand people, and perhaps come back discontented."

"Uncle, do you think that I am so little of a genuine girl that one winter of the balls and parties will spoil me, when I know that I love you and auntie with a home-love that is eternal."

It was weeks later that Rena Correle stood in the great London mansion, thrilling with delight at the great luxury all around her.

"Irene, sometimes, you must get very tired of silence; with velvet carpets, cushions and laces and lounges. I almost catch myself whispering for fear of disturbing the aristocratic repose. And I never fail to make a curtsey to old Aleck; in fact, when he opened the hall door to usher me in, I thought such an elegant person must be your father. Only think of entertaining your friends with my country bred notions."

They both laughed, and sounds of girlish merriment broke the stillness.

Just then the servant announced "Mr. McClinton," and Rena Correle, in her perfect grace and beauty, looked up wondering at the man. She was strangely shy and quiet during the half-hour's visit.

"Miss Irene, Mr. Palmer and myself will call for you ladies at seven. It is glorious riding and it will be charming in the moonlight," said McClinton, rising to go.

He had scarcely closed the door before Rena threw her arms around her friend, and said, impetuously—

"He is the very handsomest man I ever dreamed of! Oh, Irene, nothing but a divine thought could have created anything so perfect."

Miss Dalton looked down sadly, and there was a tone of grief in her voice.

"Rena, you saw him in a softened light to day. Max McClinton is hard and cruel unwarrantably conceited, but possessed of a hard, cold grace that takes well with his handsome face. My beautiful, proud Rena sees only the figure and face; there is no genuineness beyond."

"Irene, don't tell me that; his eyes are filled with soul and poetry; the world's verdict leaves a wide margin for excuses."

She spoke softly, and the two drew closer together as if shadows were already felt.

The weeks sped on; a new life opened to the beautiful country girl. Rides and balls, theatres and operas—at all times with Max McClinton at her side. His great brown eyes, filled with soft light, pleaded eloquently for the child heart—always, with his lazy smile, his pungent sarcasm and sparkling wit, ready to be her champion and escort.

It was the night of the great ball. Every crevice of the elegant mansion was ablaze with light.

Irene Dalton intended to give the greatest affair of the season, and she had succeeded. The rooms were filled with the guests.

After supper, Rena Correle stole away and went out on a terrace to think of her great happiness—her love for Max and to dream in the moonlight.

Below some gentlemen were talking, and she heard her own name.

"Miss Correle is very lovely. Are you going to marry her, Max?"

The answer rang very clear in its tone of ridicule.

"The little girl loves me and I am not tired of her yet. When I am, she will take it hard at first, but they all get over it."

That was all the girl on the terrace heard. For the next hour that Rena Correle sat there, she strove hard to crush her ideal away.

She leaned there, dumb with her woe, until Irene's voice aroused her.

"Rena, I have searched the house for you; you will die out here in the cold."

"I am freezing all the impulse and the youth out of my life, Irene. Let me remain."

"Rena, my beautiful Rena, has it come so soon?"

"Nothing has come to me—I have only come to myself. We will go in now. I am very cold."

It was weeks before Rena was able to leave her room. She was ill, but her worst misery was caused by her wounded pride and lost idol.

Max McClinton was strange even to himself. At last he realized that the beautiful, pure girl had found his nobler self, had found the true man beneath the indifference, the vanity and cruelty, and made him love her only as a strong, cold man can love.

"I shall ask the gipsy to be my wife, then my life will be complete. I can be a true man with such a holy life to care for."

He sent her the most exquisite fruit and flowers, wrote her the tenderest, most imploring notes.

She tossed them away lightly, and was too ill to notice them.

"Irene, I am as free as air to night. All these weeks I have lived in a thraldom of infatuation. To night, I am a woman proud of my identity, seeing the folly and conceit of your society lion."

"Then you don't love Max McClinton!"

"I gave him a wicked and blasphemous idolatry. The rapture has taken something from me, a something that uncle and aunt will miss. I am not the baby Rena who left them."

Rena went into the full blaze of the parlor lights just as Max McClinton entered.

She was rarely beautiful, and the man gave a cry of delight."

"Rena, my darling!"

He would have drawn her to him but she stood as cold as a statue.

"Mr. McClinton"—she spoke his name coolly—"this flirtation has perhaps afforded you some amusement. It may pique you to know that I have tired of it first. Were I steeped in poverty and you offered me your life, I would think it an insult to my womanhood. I am very tired of you and there is nothing I want to hear you say. Go!"

That sent the heart of the girl and the old glad life away from her.

The man who had known women only as toys went out from one who had found his soul, and then taken its salvation from him.

It was months later. The summer had come. Rena was at the "Nook." She went to the old haunts bearing the white spirit of a sad memory. September came and brought Irene Dalton and her accepted lover, Edward Palmer, who were the life of the company.

One evening Irene, the city girl, stroked the proud, shapely head of her friend gently and softly said—

"Tell me, gipsy, why have you changed so? Max McClinton told me everything. What made you treat him so? He loves you as such a man can love but once."

"That is not so, Irene. He is only piqued because I tired first."

"But you are not tired, Rena. You are still clinging to the memory of those old days."

"Hush, please, it is not true."

* * * * * * *

It was late in January.

Irene Dalton stood before Rena Correle, with joy and gladness in her heart.

"Rena, you look so sad and beautiful."

"No shadows could possibly be reflected from you, Irene. Why shouldn't I be gay?"

Two hours later Irene was a smiling, blushing bride, and Rena, with a throbbing heart, went out from the music, the happiness and laughter, to dream over the dead dream of another day when she was happy and thoughtless.

She wandered to the edge of the river and stood there with her left hand to her forehead, her eyes raised and her right hand clenched tightly, while the waters as they sped onwards, murmured a soothing lullaby.

The old longing came back, the old rapture was with her, and she gave up all else for one hour's dreaming."

"Rena, you want me."

The same old music was in his voice—a soft, low, pleading voice to-night. Only one little cry of delight, and Max McClinton held the tiny white hands to his lips.

"Rena, after all you wanted me. Irene wrote for me to come back."

Then he told her all of his hard, cold, cruel life, showing her how wretched he would be without her. And she was only a woman, a very impulsive, loving woman. Then he found out what had separated them—felt his own heartlessness bringing him misery. He then told her that men of the world sometimes sneered at their most holy thoughts.

When they went back Irene and Edward Palmer couldn't possibly have been as happy as were these cruelly tried lovers who had passed through misery to happiness.

The Haunted House.

BY JULIUS COMBE.

Many years ago, in the town of Boxford, there lived two brothers, by the name of Ripley. They were both engaged in business.

John Ripley was a great contractor; and Martin Ripley was a merchant. Although brothers, the two men were very different. John having such a love of money that he would hoard it, and count it with all the greed of a miser. But Martin cared little for money, beyond enough to supply his daily wants, and keep his family comfortable.

They were both young men when they were married, and commenced business at the same time. The money which they had to start with was inherited from their father, who had managed by diligence and economy to accumulate a sum of money, not sufficient to be called a fortune, but enough to be proud of, as every penny was earned by skill and industry. Old Mr. Ripley had purchased an ancient mansion house, having a very quaint appearance. There were a great many gables and wings; in fact, the house looked like a mixture of all kinds of architecture. There were one or two stone towers, almost covered with woodbine and ivy, hiding from view the small diamond-paned windows which lighted them.

At the division of the property, after the death of their father, this old house, with all its curious history, came to the share of John. He wanted to live in it, but his wife, who was rather a proud woman, preferred a more fashionable residence; so he let the mansion to a gentleman named Benson, who had been travelling for some months with his family in Germany.

Things went on very smoothly for a time, until at last John Ripley, in trying to get more money, lost all that he had. He had been tempted to speculate beyond his means, and failed. His creditors seized all his property, and among it was the old mansion. This was sold by auction, and Martin Ripley in order to keep the house in the family, bought it.

John was quite angry when he saw that Martin purchased the old house, and he came forward to claim it, saying that it was not his house, and his creditors had no right to sell it. He had made it over to his son Edwin, some months before, and therefore it could not be taken to pay his debts.

This was very shallow reasoning; but John was envious to see his brother Martin getting on so prosperously, and he determined to deprive him of the house if possible. A lawsuit followed, and after being in court for a long time, it was decided that the house rightfully and lawfully belonged to Martin Ripley.

One evening, a few weeks after, as Mr. Benson was sitting in his parlor alone, deeply absorbed in a bewitching romance, the hours flew rapidly by, the fire in the grate burned low, and an awful silence reigned, when suddenly a peculiar, smothered stroke was sounded twelve times. Mr. Benson's blood ran cold in his veins. He listened, all was still again as the grave—he could hear nothing but his own breathing. But in a minute or so came the sound of footsteps. At first they seemed far off; yet nearer they came and nearer, until it seemed as if they were in the room; but then they grew fainter, and seemed to be passing on, until the sound ceased, and all was still again. Mr. Benson was sorely puzzled; he did not believe in ghosts or spirits; he knew that these noises could not occur without some agency, and he meant to discover what it was. Lighting a lamp, he visited every room in the old mansion. Many of them were unoccupied, and were only used to store up things, or for the children to romp in. Coming to a chamber occupied by his two daughters, Louisa and Emmeline, he opened the door, and saw that they were awake.

"Is that you, papa?" asked Emmeline. "You have been here before this evening, have you not?"

"Been here before!" exclaimed Mr. Benson, afraid that his children might have been disturbed as he was.

"Yes, papa; we were awakened by some noise, and I heard your footsteps distinctly. I thought that you went through our chamber," said Louisa.

"I have been up stairs; probably you heard me as I went by the door," said Mr. Benson, unwilling to terrify his daughters by telling them what he had heard.

He then quieted them as well as he knew how, but they could not be induced to go to their chamber again. They had heard the same noise as their father, and were trying to get asleep, when they heard a slight noise, and saw a dim light flash for an instant, and during that moment saw a hideous face flash out from the wall. The eyes were like burning coals, and it grinned with teeth like the tusks of a wild boar. This was too much for the Bensons. They resolved to quit a house haunted so fearfully.

Martin Ripley was astonished when he heard the cause of their removal; he would not believe it; but when the Bensons had moved away, and the next family were equally horrified, and stayed there only a month, then he began to think there was some foundation to the stories. The fact of the house being haunted became known in the town; and exaggerated account were told, until but few persons dared to pass it in the evening. Of course no one would hire it, and Martin began to think it was a poor piece of property to own, for from disuse it was rapidly getting out of repair.

He, however, saw that something must be done to keep the mansion from going to complete decay; and the only sure remedy was to remove the reputation it had acquired of being haunted. So he determined to occupy the house himself, and devote his time to unravelling the dreadful mystery. His friends advised him not to undertake so hazardous a job, for they were sure he would regret it; but Martin had made up his mind, and would not be dissuaded. He moved into the house, and did not have to wait long for the goblin noises to commence. The noise came with its regular repetitions, and, soon after, the footsteps were heard approaching nearer and nearer, until they seemed to recede again, and finally were heard no more. Martin Ripley was convinced that these things were done by some sort of human agency; he did not believe in disembodied spirits playing such pranks, and he resolved to discover the cause. Taking his lamp and revolver, he commenced a search through every room, opening each closet door, and examining thoroughly every hiding-place. At length he came to the room once occupied by Louisa and Emmeline Benson. It was a very old-fashioned chamber, with a great deal of panelling about it, and had large, deep closets. Martin was particular in his search here, but found nothing.

He was just leaving the room, when he noticed that another light besides his own was glimmering on the walls. Turning around, he saw over the fireplace a horrid face—the same hideous one which had frightened the Benson girls so much. Quick as thought, Martin raised his revolver, and fired at the object.

An unearthly yell followed, and the room was in total darkness. Martin's lamp was extinguished, and he had to grope his way from the chamber to the parlor, where he could relight it. He then returned to the haunted room. Groans, as of some one in distress, were heard, and in the wall was a small, square hole, as if a panel had been removed. Climbing to this aperture, Martin easily broke away the woodwork, and found a large recess inside. He entered, and was shocked to see his brother John groaning on the floor, with his arm broken by a pistol-shot.

The mystery was now unravelled. John confessed to having haunted the house, in order to make it worthless to his brother. He had long since discovered a private entrance to one of the old towers, completely hidden by woodbine; this led to a secret room, by a staircase constructed between the walls. In this room he had arranged a clock so that it only struck once a day, and that was at midnight; by muffling the bell, the sound was so disguised, that no one would think it was a clock that made the noise. The footsteps were his, when he ascended the hidden staircase, and the horrid face he had purchased at a toyship, illuminated it with a candle, and held it to the aperture in the wall.

Martin was sorry for the injury he had done his brother by using his pistol so hastily, and John repented of the mean way he had adopted to damage Martin. A reconciliation took place, and after that the brothers lived in peace and goodwill towards each other.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE POLYMICROSCOPE.—The polymicroscope is Germany's latest contribution to microscopical science. It is a contrivance which enables the observer, without change of slide or readjustment of object glass, to study sixty preparations under his microscope in immediate succession.

DYNAMITE AND WATER.—When poured into water the nitroglycerine and sand, of which dynamite is composed, separate, the sand sinking while the nitroglycerine remains on the surface. A slight increase of temperature explodes the nitroglycerine. This may account for some accidents which have occurred in the use of dynamite.

GUN COTTON ROCKETS.—The use of gun cotton rockets for fog signals instead of cannons has been recommended by Professor Tyndall. He has a high opinion of the value of guns for signaling in fogs, but in rock lighthouses it might often be inconvenient to mount them. Here he would employ the rockets we speak of, in which the explosive agent is from four to twelve ounces of gun cotton. They ascend to a height of a thousand feet before exploding, and the report has been heard a distance of twenty-five miles.

A HINT IN HYDRAULICS.—As water absorbs a certain quantity of air, the air chamber of a hydraulic ram in time becomes emptied of air and filled with water. This will always happen sooner or later, as the water contains more or less air, or flows from a rapid stream or a quiet spring. The remedy is to remove the air chamber and empty it of water and replace it, whenever the ram stops. By not understanding this, many persons unjustly find fault with this useful machine.

F. W. HURTT & BROTHER, manufacturing chemists, 98 Maiden Lane, New York, and 482 Oxford street, London, confine themselves to a very curious scientific exhibit of various preparations of Hamamelis Virginica, in forms most suitable for pharmaceutical purposes, such as the plant, natural and ground, the prepared bark, blows, etc. Besides these, are a complete pharmaceutical series, comprising solid extracts (aqueous and alcoholic) oleo-resin, fluid extract, tincture, carbolized infusion, etc., in all comprising some fifteen different preparations of this plant. The Hamamelis Virginica, which grows in the United States and in some of the English colonies, was little known to pharmacists until comparatively lately. Dr. Theron T. Pond began his experiments with it some forty years ago, from which grew the development of the Fluid Extract so extensively used all over Europe and America; also a preparation for general use, obtained by a process of distillation, which became popularly known as Pond's Extract of Witch Hazel. But it was left for F. W. Hurtt & Brother to develope and extend, after years of expensive experiments and labor, the field of usefulness of this plant by the series of preparations now exhibited. In these forms it can be carried to every climate on the globe; can be embodied in many useful and interesting forms, can be utilized not only as a medicine, but in the manufacture of many useful articles, such as tanning fine skins, forming excellent plasters, ointments, salves, medicated paper, durable inks, and in the preparation of numerous toilet articles. A large number of very attractive preparations are also exhibited illustrating the varied uses to which these new forms have enabled the Hamamelis to be applied. This company claims the complete utilization of the medicinal and useful properties of the Hamamelis Virginica in the articles here mentioned, and that they have thereby prepared the way for its use in localities and manufacture in which it was never before employed. The popular form in which it is most known as Pond's Extract of Witch Hazel, is and has been long officially recognized by the *United States Dispensatory*, and, in the late edition, of 1877, it is recommended by prominent physicians and authors as invaluable in certain ailments. It is this form which has given rise to the company bearing the name of the distinguished physician who first succeeded in obtaining and uniting the remedial virtues of the plant in a form safe and useful in the household, the "Pond's Extract Company," for whom the above firm is also acting as agent. These forms are from the simplest infusion, which costs only a few cents a gallon (and is often mistaken and sold for the more useful distilled form, to the essential oil), which costs nearly 300 francs per ounce to manufacture.—[From the *American Register*, September 21st, 1878.

The fear of the opinions of others is one of the most prevalent of all feelings in our society; a feeling which is more destructive than almost any other to sincerity and manliness of character.

Do nothing as it were trifling; blur no part of your work, in everything seek to do your best. Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well.

The majority shrewdly employ their time in obtaining favors, while the minority employ theirs in deserving them.

Let nothing tempt you to a false step. One such, one lie, one act of trickery or dishonesty may be your ruin.

A Lighthouse Keeper for a Night.

"Willie, my lad, I hae to gang to the shore for mair oil for the lamps. I had no idea my stock had got sae low. There's no enough in the cans to last the nicht. I maun awa' at once. Ye'll no mind staying alone till I'm back?"

"No, father, I'll no mind. Ye'll hae good time to be back afore it's dark."

"Quite; so good-bye, laddie."

Kenneth Mayne was the keeper of a lighthouse on the north-east coast of Scotland. As most people are aware, it is now usual to have two men at least in all lighthouses, and such was the custom in the case of the Inverkaldy Lighthouse at the date of this story; but Kenneth Mayne's comrade had fallen ill only a day or two before the events about to be narrated happened, and a substitute had not yet been sent in his place. Willie Mayne was a slight, delicate-looking boy, with a pale face and fair blue eyes. He had been frail and delicate ever since his mother's death, which happened when he was only two years old. He was also a little lame, the result of an accident. Altogether, he was the very reverse of the person you would have willingly chosen to leave in charge of a lighthouse at night—a fact to which no one was more alive than the boy's own father.

Kenneth Mayne rowed himself to the mainland in his boat, fastened it to the little wooden jetty which had been built for the use of the lighthouse keepers, and set off for Rowanfells, the nearest village. Having purchased a small can of oil, sufficient to serve him until he should be able to get a larger supply conveyed to the lighthouse, he started on his way homeward again. The road he was pursuing led along the shore, the sea on one hand and a line of steep and lofty cliffs on the other.

Mayne was proceeding at a rapid pace, carrying his can on his shoulder, and had reached a break in the cliffs made by a narrow ravine, when he was suddenly attacked by three men, who leaped out upon him from their concealment in the cleft of the rocks. Stunned by a blow on the head from a heavy bludgeon, he fell to the ground; his assailants were upon him in a moment, and in a few minutes had him gagged and bound hand and foot. Then the conspirators carried their victim between them a little way up the ravine, and left him, still unconscious, behind a rock, lying with his back against the wall of the cliff.

Willie Mayne expected his father to be home at six o'clock. When that hour arrived without him, he became a little anxious. Another hour passed, and still Willie could see no signs of his father, as he stood on the small wooden landing built out from the rocky little islet on which the lighthouse was situated, and directed his gaze to the shore. He was growing every minute more anxious and distressed in mind. What had become of his father? was it an accident or mishap of any kind that had prevented him being back at the expected hour?

It was now growing dark, and with the approach of night Willie's fears and anxieties increased greatly. The lamps would have to be lit, and who was to do it? could he possibly manage it? The boy knew his own weakness of body and nerve only to well, and he feared terribly in his heart that he was not equal to the task of kindling the lamps.

He waited on the landing, gazing towards the shore in the direction in which his father must approach, until it was nearly dark. Then he entered the house again, and mounted the narrow winding stairs to the room where the cans of oil for the lamps were kept. Willie felt that at all hazards he must make the effort to fill his father's place to night. If the lamps remained unlit no one could tell what the consequences might be. Ships were constantly passing up and down that part of the coast, the captains of which looked to the Inverkaldy Lighthouse both as a warning and a guiding beacon.

Willie knelt down on the floor. "Oh, God," he prayed, "give me strength and skill for what I have to do, that the ships may not miss the lights and be driven on the rocks and the people lost. Keep my dear father from danger, and bring him safe home again, for Christ's sake. Amen."

On examination, Willie found that there was still some oil remaining in one of the cans, enough to last some hours. He took the can and began climbing the staircase again until he reached the small chamber at the top of the lighthouse which contained the lamps. Willie could not near reach to the lamps standing on the ground. He set the can of oil down on the floor, and descended to one of the lower rooms, returning with a chair and a wooden stool. But standing on the stool and the chair, the little fellow could not yet reach his object.

Again descending the long and steep stairs, which in itself was a hard and painful task to the boy on account of his lameness, he returned with a couple of thick books, and placing these on top of the stool, he climbed upon the whole pile, and now found that he could reach the lamps.

Willie had seen his father kindle the lights more than once, though, from the difficulty he had in climbing up to the top of the lighthouse, he was not often with his father at such times. Still, he understood enough about the matter to pour the oil into the lamps and to trim and ignite the wicks.

He had just poured a portion of the oil into the first lamp, lifting the large can with some difficulty, when the support beneath his feet suddenly gave way, and he fell heavily to the ground, striking his face against the sharp edge of the can.

For a few minutes Willie was quite stunned by his fall, and lay white and motionless on the floor, a thin stream of blood welling up from his forehead. The chair had been standing rather unevenly on the floor, which Willie had not noticed. In leaning forward a little, as he had to do to reach the lamps, he had disturbed his balance, and hence the accident.

But Willie's swoon was not a deep one, and presently his consciousness returned. He rose, set the chair, the stool, and the books in their former position, this time taking care to arrange the pile quite evenly, and again raised himself upon them. The blood was still flowing freely from his forehead, but Willie heeded it not. His whole mind and energies were engrossed in his task, his one object was to get it quickly and successfully accomplished. Through the windows he saw that the night had turned out a very dark one, not a single star illuminating the black sky; and Willie knew that on such a night the danger to the ships, if there were no lights to guide them while passing that treacherous part of the coast, would be greatly increased.

One by one Willie replenished the lamps with oil, turned up the wicks, and lit them from the light with which he had provided himself. The broad light flashed its streaming radiance far out over the dark waters—a guiding star to whatever ships might be abroad upon the seas that night.

Willie's task was done, but as he again descended to the lower rooms of the lighthouse his feet shook beneath him. The strain of strength and nerve to one so small and frail of body had been very severe, and now that his task was over Willie felt as if every bit of strength had gone out of him. But there was the feeling in his heart, too, that he had done all he could, that God had answered his prayers, and given him just as much strength and skill as were necessary for the work which had fallen to him to do.

He sat down in the little sitting-room of the lighthouse to await his father's return, hoping, with an intensity of feeling that may be imagined, that nothing had happened to him which would prevent his reaching home before the oil in the lamps was exhausted.

The plan of the wreckers—for such the men were who had waylaid Kenneth Mayne—had thus completely miscarried. They had seen the lighthouse keeper in Rowanfells while they were lounging in company at the door of the village inn, knew that his comrade was absent from his duties, and quickly laid their plans. They left the village together, waited in ambush for Kenneth Mayne as he made his way home, and assailed him in the manner described.

As soon as it grew dark the conspirators proceeded to a long rugged reef that stretched out from the land far into the sea, almost covered by water at high tide, but lifting a jagged, saw-like ledge above the surface at low water. Here the men raised a lamp, suspending it from a tripod of poles, and arranging it in such a manner that it slowly revolved, turning now a bright side, now a dark, towards the sea, and thus resembling at a distance the lamps of the real lighthouse.

But they had hardly lit their false beacon when they saw to their rage and chagrin, the lighthouse itself flash forth its strong bright blaze. Their hopes of luring some unfortunate ship to its destruction upon the cruel reef, and securing a rich prize from the wreck, were frustrated. They knew of the presence of the lighthouse keeper's son, but had never for a moment anticipated that the "wee cripple," as they called him, would have strength and spirit enough to manage the lamps.

But baffled in their designs, and enraged as they were, the wreckers were not so blinded by anger as not to perceive that it would answer no purpose of theirs to allow the lighthouse keeper to remain all night as they had left him. It might only increase the chance of their detection in their attempted crime, or if anything happened to Mayne through a night's exposure, aggravate the case against them, if their deed ever did come to light. So they judged it safest to return where they had left Mayne and release him.

Long before Kenneth Mayne reached the lighthouse, of course, he saw that the lamps were alight, and when he did reach home and heard Willie's story, his joy and pride in his little lame son who had that night so bravely done his duty—as bravely as though he had had double his actual strength—could hardly find expression in words.

"Thank God, laddie!" he said; "thank God ye hae been upborne this nicht to do your duty sae bravely and sae weel!"

BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM A CENTURY AGO.—To begin with the lady: Her locks were strained upwards over an immense cushion, that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top like an eagle on a haystack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a bosom-pin rather larger than a copper cent, containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, enclosed her feet, and glittering with spangles. Now for the swain. His hair was slicked back and plentifully beflowered, while his queue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbon. White silk stockings and pumps with laces, and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrist, and a portentous frill, worked in corresponding style, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his appearance.

CLUBS FOR BOTH SEXES.—There are two clubs in London to which men and women have equal rights of membership. The Albemarle, in Piccadilly, is governed by a committee composed of equal numbers of both sexes and the members, rather over 400, are maintained carefully in the same proportion. Lately a difficulty had arisen in the management. No smoking room had been allotted to the ladies, so they had been driven to carry their cigarettes into the gentlemen's room. To this the gentlemen more than agreed, rather encouraging the invasion, as the rest of the house was so triste in its dignity. One day Mrs. Grundy came to know of those little pleasant evening meetings, and now on the walls of the corridors appears a notice informing ladies that they are forbidden to cross the threshold of the coveted apartment. The Russell Club, in Regent street, is proprietary, the members having no responsibility beyond their subscriptions, ladies paying half that of gentlemen. The apartments on the ground, reading room, boudoir, drawing-room, and dining-room are public rooms, used by ladies and gentlemen alike. Upstairs are billiard and smoking rooms, sacred to the stronger sex. Ladies here do not smoke at all, as their apartments resemble more the coffee and drawing-rooms of a large hotel.

Fashionable London.

One would never guess where a large part of fashionable London may still be seen almost any fine day. Instead of haunting Piccadilly or Rotton Row, "society" has now betaken itself to the river Thames, certain parts of which are so crowded that it is almost impossible to move along even at a snail's pace. All classes meet there, especially on Sundays, and in that lovely "reach" which extends from Taplow to Cookham. There you may see the Prince of Wales working his way up the stream in a punt, with some fair lady lying on scarlet cushions at the other end of the craft; Lady Mandeville, not being rowed along by her husband, who is little fitted for that kind of exercise; the Duchess of Manchester, who seems to live on the river; Viscount Parker and his wife, and Lord Charles Beresford and his bride. The last named lady wanders up and down the stream disconsolate, for in an unlucky moment she dropped her wedding ring into the water, and has been hunting for it ever since, as mournfully and as vainly as Sir Galahad went in quest of the Holy Grail. In yonder boat is the man who rode to Khiva, with three or four redoubtable editors of newspapers, all assembled amicably for once in a "neutral zone." City clerks and their sweethearts, rough costermongers out for a row, university men out for exercise—all rub against each other in this narrow stream. Talk of a Democratic country—where will you see so much mixing of all sorts of people together as on the Thames of a Sunday afternoon? Presently forty or fifty boats, containing half the "swells" of London and a fair shade of "cads," all find themselves shut up together in what is called a lock.

I need not say that there are places where the bed of the river is uneven, the fall sometimes being as much as 8 or 10 feet, and to get over these it is necessary to have "locks," where the water is shut in or let out, so as to make a smooth passage for the boats. It is a tedious operation, and while it lasts the whole party of pleasure-seekers are brought together in a space not much exceeding that of a long and narrow room. The boats touch each other; prince and "coster" could shake hands if they were so disposed, and great is the flow of conversation in all directions. The countess exchanges greetings with her friends whom she last saw in the parlors of Mayfair; the duchess gives a series of nods to her large circle of acquaintances. The great editor knows everybody and everybody knows him. Whether they like it or not there they must remain until the lock-keeper has completed his tiresome work, and made the silent highway a practical road once more. Then away spin the outriggers of the Oxfordmen, and the punts creep silently along, and the steam-launch puffs out of sight almost before the tail end of the boats has escaped from the penance of the lock. A stranger sight I do not know than that which is presented in a Thames lock on a fine afternoon.

AN educated Chinaman, Kwang Chang Ling, is writing letters to California journals, in which he contradicts many current ideas about China. He says that the population is only 100,000,000 or 120,000,000, instead of 450,000,000; that the country has reached the limit of agricultural development; that the population and prosperity have been decreasing since 1762; that unless improved machinery and methods are adopted the people will not be able to support themselves; that the wealth of the empire is in the hands of the few, and that with a diminishing population and increasing wages at home, there can be no great tide of emigration to this country.

FREAKS OF LIGHTNING.—An eminent professor some time ago advanced the opinion that poplar trees are more liable to be struck by lightning than others. A correspondent has sent a photograph showing the effects of lightning on one of those trees in his vicinity, which tends to confirm the views of the professor. He says: "The lightning chooses by preference the poplar as a conductor to reach the ground, and the case is striking here, where the tree is surrounded by other kinds, particularly firs, taller than it. Two great branches, which surmounted it, were struck by the lightning, and led it to the ground, without having received the least apparent injury, while the trunk below them is absolutely shattered. This is a fresh proof that the upper part of trees, especially of poplars, is an excellent conductor of electricity, which only rends or shatters the wood when it finds a passage in the trunk. Other recent observations prove the preference of lightning for trees situated near streams or reservoirs of water, so that the best conductor for a house is a lofty tree, a poplar especially, situated between the house and a well, a pond, or a neighboring stream."

LANGUAGE OF THE HAIR.—All our features have their language—eyes, nose and mouth. And now some one discovers that even the hair has its own indications. Straight, lank, stringy looking hair indicates weakness and cowardice. Curly hair denotes a quick temper. Frizzy hair, set on one's head as if each individual hair were ready to fight its neighbor, denotes coarseness. Black hair indicates persistent resolution in accomplishing an object, also a strong predisposition to revenge wrongs or insults, real or fancied. Brown hair denotes fondness for life, a friendly disposition, ambition, earnestness of purpose, capacity for business, reliability in friendship, in proportion as the hair is fine. Very fine hair indicates an even disposition, a readiness to forgive, with a desire to add to the happiness of others. Persons with fine light brown or auburn hair, inclined to curl, are quick tempered, and are given to resentment and revenge. Light brown hair, inclined to redness, with a freckled skin, is a certain indication of deceit, treachery, and a disposition to do something mean by a friend who can no longer be used to advantage. All of which may be news to fortune-tellers.

RARE WINES.—There are some wines which very few people drink, not only because they are scarce and dear, but because they have a smack that is not to the general taste. Lachryma Christi is sipped by travelers at Naples, but few flasks find their way far from their native slopes of Vesuvius. The white wine of Jurancon, sacred to the memory of the Kings of Navarre, and always loved by Henry the Fourth of France, cannot be bought. It is dearer, bulk for bulk, than any other wine in the world. It is almost as strong as French brandy, almost as substantial as syrup, and is, in fact, only a superior raisin wine, luscious and cloying. But it is a Porphyrogenito, born to grandeur. Those who grow the grapes are princes, whose Hungarian territories are administered by prefects and councils, and those who buy the wonderful wines are kings.

DOTS AND JOTS.

A cave of vast proportions has been discovered near Newmarket, Virginia.

Satin ribbon loops that appear to come out of a piped button hole, are on many dresses.

The demi-trained skirts of silk dresses have from five to seven gathered flounces crossing the back.

The quaintest Japanese buttons of silver and gilt carved, or of ebony inlaid with gold, are used on shirt skirts.

There are no such gamblers as Poles and Russians; they will play until one side or other is thoroughly defeated.

A Nevada miner last week made $7,500, and wanted to come East to see the old folks. He was offered a draft on bankers in New York, but refused it, desiring coin. He had a carpet bag full.

New English collars with turned over points are so high and spreading that fine wire is put in the edges to hold them outward. These collars are of the dress material on the outside, with the turned-over lining of velvet.

Queen Victoria seems not to be so very comfortable at her favorite Scotch retreat after all. She cannot even enjoy the luxury of going quietly to church. Whenever she goes to Crathie Church she is regularly hunted by her faithful subjects.

The cooks and housemaids in the vicinity of a London church, whose curate had followed the example of his fashionable parishioners and gone to the seaside, wrote to the papers to ask if their souls were not worth saving, and the curate came flying back by the next train, in mortal terror of an overhauling by the Bishop.

The Chinese population of San Francisco has been lately reported as 32,000, including 7,000 servants. Of cigar makers there are 5,000; of tailors 3,000; of boot and shoemakers, 2,800; laundrymen 1,500; merchants and professional men, 1,000; professional gamblers, 1,400; peddlers, 2,500; while the rest are fishermen laborers, and miscellaneous. There are 2,000 women.

Lord Falmouth has won in stakes £80,000, and in bets one hat, this year. Assume that his mares cost him for keep £1,000 per annum, his race-horses and training expenses £3,000 per annum, and his forfeits and fees to jockeys £10,000 per annum, there is a net gain for capital invested in racing of £16,000 in nine months. The true secret of Lord Falmouth's success on the turf is that he attends to his meadows, gives every horse plenty of grass, and allows the pasture also to be fed over by cattle and sheep.

FARM AND GARDEN.

CALIFORNIA SQUIRRELS.—A California farmer took two and a half ounces of wheat from the chops of one of the predatory squirrels there. The grains numbered 950, and he thinks, from the number of rodents to the acre, that they get more than their share of the crop.

VIOLETS IN POTS.—About the end of October put the plants rather firmly in six or seven inch pots, using any good garden soil, thoroughly watering when newly potted, and partially shading for a few days. If not properly watered, the leaves will become yellow and the flowers fail to attain full size. Kept exposed to the sun, with a cool temperature at night, they will flower well.

FIRE PROOF TIMBER.—To render timber fire proof, saturate it as far as may be with strong aqueous solutions of sodium tungatate (crude), silicate, water glass or sulphate. Ammonium sulphate has also been used. Wood thus prepared is not ignited by sparks or transient contact with flame. Unaltered woody fibre cannot, however, be rendered incombustible by these or other simple means.

TREE WASH.—The washing of stems and large branches of trees with a solution of carbolic acid soap dissolved in lukewarm water, and a portion of the flower of sulphur mixed with it, is a good method for destroying the insects. The best time to do the washing is after the spring opens. It will stick to the trees, and when the insects come out the poison kills them in their infant state, and by that the foliage and fruits may be saved.

BEE KEEPING.—The keeping of bees is a pleasant as well as a profitable business. Farmers cultivate the land upon which grow all the sweet flowers—white clover, buckwheat, etc. They also have or ought to have a workshop in which they or their helpers can, in the winter season when there is little to do, make the boxes and have all ready for the swarming season, and when the honey making and swarming season comes, it will be a pleasure for some one in the family to take the bees in charge and look a little after their interest, morning and evening, and in the main lose no time at all, but in the fall reap a bountiful supply of honey upon which to feast during the year.

The Question of Profits.

"What is the profit and what the risk?" are the first considerations in every business transaction. Messrs. Lawrence & Co., Bankers, 57 Exchange Place, N. Y. City, make large profits monthly for their customers by the new Combination System of operating in stocks at the N. Y. Stock Exchange. By this system they mass together various sums from thousands of customers and with the aggregate become giants in the street, placing their patrons on an equality with the kings of finance, whether the amount invested be great or small. $25 pays $75, or 3 per cent. on the stock during 30 days, $25 pays $125, or 5 per cent.; $250 pays $2,500, or 10 per cent., and so on, according to the market. Messrs. Lawrence & Co.'s circular (copyrighted and sent free) contains "Two unerring rules for success in stock operations" and explains everything. The "Brooklyn Journal," April 20th, says: "Messrs Lawrence & Co. have many facilities by which their customers secure advantages not otherwise obtainable. Our editor made a net profit of $101.25 on an investment of $25 in their combinations." The standing and responsibility of Messrs. Lawrence & Co. is unquestioned, and they furnish best of references. Highest market prices paid for all kinds of Stocks and Bonds and new Government Loan supplied.

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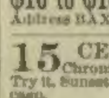

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Full selvedge Napkins, from $1 per dozen; 2½ yards long Table Cloths, from $1.50 each; heavy and large-size Huck Towels, 23c. each.

40-inch Pillow Linen, 31c. per yard; 34-inch Unbleached Linen, 12½c. per yard; extra wide Swiss Towelling, 12½c. per yard.

Goods sent all over the United States.

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SHADOWS IN THE HEART.

A willow near a running brook
Was drooping on a summer's day,
And gazing down with mournful look
Upon the stream in happy play.
"Ah me!" he sighed, "what merry heart
Is yours, to thus in gladsome song
Make music, and the welkin wake
To laughter, as you dance along!
You must be happy, are you not?
The secret of your gladness tell;
Your face is bright as summer skies,
Your voice is like a silver bell;
And ever, from the sunny break
Of morn to droop of drowsy night,
Are playful smiles about your face.
Your life is music, bliss and light."

"Ah!" quoth the streamlet, "though my face
Is brilliant, though my magic voice
Makes music all the livelong day,
Till those who listen must rejoice;
Though blithely traverse I the mead
With lively leap and merry start,
You know not of the cruel stones
That lie unseen upon my heart.
For as bright blossoms graveyards grace,
As silver sheen lines darksome cloud,
The smile that lights a lovely face
May many a soul in shadow shroud.
The lofty soul in smiling pride
Disdains to tell when sorely pressed,
Till, wave like, in life's battle tide
It breaks and seeks eternal rest.

MABEL'S VICTORY;

—OR—

The Cost of a Will.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS," "GLORY WINS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

The two gentlemen, gossiping in the dining room, were not conscious that the music had ended till a sudden lull in their conversation was caused by the entrance of a servant with coffee.

"See if Miss Leslie is in the drawing room," the Colonel said to the man, who went, wondering at the abrupt tone of his voice, and his sharp manner.

"No, sir," he said, returning in a minute or two. "She is not there."

"Where is she, then?"

"I do not know, sir."

"No, of course not. Ask the maid who attends on her, and let me know."

"Very good, sir."

When he returned a second time he reported Miss Leslie out, and was amazed to see the Colonel and his master both jump from their chairs and look at one another with affright.

"Where is she gone?" gasped Mr. Bellairs.

"I don't know, sir. She went out at the side door, and Anne says she turned into the avenue and went straight to the lodge gate."

"Then you'll catch her, Leslie, if you want her," Bellairs said, making a desperate effort to appear totally unconcerned. "The gate is fast, and Howson will not open it for any one without my leave."

"You never gave such an insane order as that, surely," said the Colonel, when the servant had retired.

"I did. I wanted to be safe."

"The very way to rouse suspicion. I will go after her at once. You had better stay here."

No sign of Mabel was to be seen between the house and the gate, an old-fashioned five-barred one, with spikes at the top—of a kind still to be seen in country places. The lodge keeper came out at the Colonel's impatient summons, and replied to his questioning.

"Oh, yes, a young lady has been here, sure enough," he said, hardly liking Colonel Leslie's hectoring tone.

"Why did you let her through? Your master's orders were that you should not open the gate."

"I didn't!"

"Where is she then?"

"On the other side."

"The other side! Why, man, you said you didn't let her through."

"No more I did."

"Then, how the deuce did she get there?"

"Over."

"Over!"

"Just that."

Colonel Leslie looked at the barrier in dismay, hardly believing his ears. For Mabel to have got over that seemed impossible, but the man appeared to bespeak ing the truth.

"She climbed it like a squirrel," he said. "She must have been going to meet her sweetheart, I reckon, and she tore her petticoats to pieces almost doing it. I've got a lot of frills and things as she left sticking there. She hurted herself a bit, too, for there's blood on some of it. But she got over."

"And why couldn't you stop her, you idiot?"

"Don't you call hard names, master. 'Twas none of my business to do it. Besides, I never thought she'd manage it when she begun. When she'd once mastered it I wasn't going to hinder her, for I like to see pluck, whether it's in lad or lass, and she's got it. Whatever she was going for she deserved it, for the grit she showed."

"Let me out. If I don't catch her it may be the ruin of your master."

Unwise words, but the Colonel was too angry to be philosophical.

"May it!" said the man, as he locked the gate again, and peered over it in the darkness after his visitor. "Well, I don't know as there'd be any heartbreak in that if it gave us Mr. Arthur back."

The Colonel went along the road at a good pace, but saw nothing of his daughter. She had managed to outstrip him, and he reached the lawyer's house, hardly knowing what step to take next. Mabel might have only just arrived. Mr. Montagu might be out, and he might be able to get her and the packet back again before anyone came. He could compel her obedience—lift her into a cab, if need be, and drive back with her whether she would or no. There was just a chance, and he knocked at the door, putting on his haughtiest manner when the servant opened it.

"My daughter, Miss Leslie, is here, I believe," he said.

"There is a young lady here, sir," the man replied. "I am not aware of her name."

"It is Miss Leslie, my daughter. Show her to me, if you please."

"Yes, sir. Please walk in."

He was left alone in the hall for a minute while the man went into a bright, cosy room beyond. He said something in a low tone, and then the Colonel heard a voice he knew only too well say:

"Sit still, my dear. You are not fit to move yet, I am sure. Ask Colonel Leslie to be so good as to step this way, James."

So Mr. Montagu was at home, and the packet had reached his hands, but there was yet one chance. Arthur Dallas might have left, and the packet might not yet be opened. If that were the case he would move heaven and earth to get it back again. Bellairs should have it even if he had to throttle that meddling lawyer to get at it. But his heart died within him when he entered the room, for the first person he saw was Arthur Dallas bending over Mabel, who was reclining in an easy chair, with a sofa blanket thrown over her.

The table at which Mr. Montagu was sitting was littered with papers, and he lifted his head to greet his visitor, and said, with quite a pleasant smile:

"You are just one minute too late, Colonel Leslie. The property you came to seek has reached the hands of its rightful owner at last."

Half an hour before Mr. Montagu and Arthur Dallas had been sitting together having a farewell talk, for the young man was going to take the late train to London. He was telling the lawyer how the knowledge of Mabel's truth had brightened all the future for him, and now he was going away hopeful and brave to try to make a place in the world for himself and for her, when a sharp, sudden knock at the door, followed by a vehement ring, startled them.

"Someone in a hurry," he said.

"A runaway ring most likely," Mr. Montagu replied, but a voice was heard expostulating with the servant.

"Let me in, please, and shut the door," it said, "Mr. Montagu will understand —"

"Good heavens, it is Mabel's voice!" exclaimed Arthur, rushing out just in time to prevent her falling on the floor of the hall from sheer giddiness and exhaustion, for, regardless of having hurt herself and fallen down, she had run at the top of her speed all the way from the park gate to Kingcolm.

The faintness was only momentary. She had come to herself before he had placed her in the chair, and she drew the packet from the bosom of her dress.

"Take it before they catch me," she said, and then, her mission accomplished, she began to cry.

"Let her alone," Mr. Montagu said, when Arthur would have hung over her with all sorts of restoratives. "Wine will be better in a few minutes than just now. The missing packet, by Jove!" he added, looking at what Arthur held in his hand. "How did she come by it, and what on earth have they been doing to her?"

He might well ask, for Mabel's appearance was pitiable in the extreme. Her dress and mantle were hanging about her in strips, and her hat was gone. One of her hands was cut and bleeding, and her beautiful hair had fallen down over her shoulders.

She would not have her dilapidations attended to until the packet had been opened.

In a very few words she told how she became possessed of the parcel and what Bellairs said he had dreamed. They could scarcely believe she had accomplished the feat of climbing the park gate, in spite of her torn attire and bleeding hand.

"I don't know how I did it," she said. "The man wouldn't open it, and I seemed to hear my father behind me, so I got up. I didn't know I fell, but I suppose I did."

"I hope your bravery has not been for nothing, my dear," the lawyer said, kindly, "and that you have brought Whiteladies to our boy here. Open your aunt's letter, Arthur, and heaven grant it may contain what I hope."

It contained three papers—the first, the marriage certificate of James Bellairs and Mary Pincher, copied from the register of an obscure London chapel, and dated just before the making of her strange will; the second was a codicil revoking the last part of the will, and giving everything to Arthur, with the exception of an annuity of one hundred pounds to her two servants, so long as they should live together as man and wife. If they parted or disagreed it was to cease, and the one that outlived the other was to have half of it for the rest of his or her life.

Mrs. Dallas seemed determined to leave no stone unturned to make these two people repent their folly in waiting for "dead men's shoes." She read human nature rightly, at least she read theirs, and she knew that to make two such sordid dispositions dependent on one another for a living would be punishment enough.

The third document was a long letter to Arthur, explaining her double motive in making such a perplexing will. One reason was to test the truth of Mabel and her father, the result having been just as she anticipated. The other motive was to punish her two servants for their duplicity. She never calculated on Bellairs keeping his position to the end of the month. She felt sure that he would try to keep his marriage secret, but she judged that the truth would leak out somehow.

It never had, and she had died with her hand on the letter, which Bellairs had secured before anyone had entered the room.

Arthur Dallas had but just time to make himself master of the facts, when Colonel Leslie was announced, and very crestfallen that worthy gentleman seemed to be.

"The game is played out, Colonel," Mr. Montagu said, "and the ghost laid. Mr. Bellairs himself put these papers into your daughter's hand. I don't know what your share in this conspiracy may be, but if Mr. Dallas chooses to prosecute, I am afraid things won't be pleasant for your friend yonder."

"I have had no share in the conspiracy," the Colonel replied, haughtily. "Mabel, when you have done exhibiting yourself in that disgraceful plight, perhaps you will come away."

"By your leave, no!" Mr. Montagu interposed. "Miss Leslie came here in fear of you. I will keep her, with your good leave, till your desire to be revenged on her has cooled a little. She cannot go out again to-night. My housekeeper will attend to her. Mr. Dallas and I will walk up to Whiteladies."

Colonel Leslie managed to get the start of Arthur and his friend, who would not leave till they had seen that Mabel was properly attended to and in a fair way to rest under the motherly care of the lawyer's housekeeper.

They promised to send her clothes down immediately, and left her happy but weary, with Arthur's kiss upon her lips and his blessing sounding in her ears.

At Whiteladies they found Bellairs in the most abject state of mind and real or sham remorse. The Colonel had told him without any circumlocution whatever what had been discovered, and he was blubbering in the dark drawing room like a whipped schoolboy.

When he saw Arthur he went down on his knees and begged abjectly for mercy.

"Get up, man—you are beneath contempt," the lawyer said, scornfully, "and be thankful this has come to light now before you had time to commit the crowning theft of selling the estate. Go home to your wife—a precious pair you'll make—and behave well to her, mind, or I have the power of keeping back what your mistress has left you. If I had my will you shouldn't have a penny."

No one quite knew when Bellairs went away, for everyone was so full of joy over the return of the rightful heir. The bells were set ringing the next morning till the country wondered what in the world had happened, and the house was besieged by eager crowds anxious to see and congratulate the restored owner.

No one had so congratulated the miserable man, who shut himself in his own room packing his things to go, and who finally shrank away through the back door leaving a note to the effect that his things would be fetched.

As he vanished from the ken of the house at Whiteladies, so he did from everyone but Mr. Montagu, who quarter by quarter pays an annuity to a soured, ill-conditioned couple who keep a lodging house in a remote town. Their ill will and unhappiness are common talk among their neighbors. But there has been no violence as yet, nothing to justify the withdrawal of the money, though Mr. Montagu rightly imagines that their lives together punish them far more than the loss of their annuity would.

"Blessed is the bride that the sun shines on," says the pretty old saw, and if sunshine can bring blessings surely the lot of Mabel Leslie will be blessed, for the golden sunlight fell about her as she walked on her bridal morning, and made a halo round her pretty head as she knelt at the altar of the old church in Kingcolm, in the gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls, to take Arthur Dallas for better for worse, for richer for poorer, and to begin a new life by his dear side.

The Colonel was there in a resplendent get up to give his daughter away, but everyone present knew that he and his son-in-law were not quite on good terms.

He had had something to do with the "horrid man" who had so nearly kept the bridegroom out of Whiteladies, and was going to reside abroad on an annuity.

And so in the bright June sunshine, with the sound of the plashing waves seeming to ripple out good wishes to them, and earth and sky all one golden glow, as if to typify the brightness that lay before them, these two, who had been so nearly sundered by adverse fate, passed hand in hand into their new linked life, and began together the state that is said to be

The only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall.

[THE END.]

BRIC-A-BRAC.

EXTENSIVE HANGING.—Henry VIII., it is stated, in the course of his reign hanged no fewer than 72,000 robbers, thieves and vagabonds. In the latter days of Elizabeth, scarcely a week passed without 300 or 500 criminals being executed on the gallows.

NINEVEH AND BABYLON.—Three thousands years ago Nineveh contained 216 square miles; its walls, 100 feet high, with towers of twice that height, took 140,000 men eight years to build. Babylon was yet larger. This city, founded by Nimrod 2233 B. C., had its hanging gardens, a series of terraces raised one above the other on piers about 40 feet high till they overtopped the walls of the city. Each terrace comprised about three acres and a half, planted with trees and shrubs. The Government was despotic, but tempered by a curious check. The King had absolute power, but could not rescind his decrees.

EARRINGS.—The Roman ladies of olden times used earrings of pearls and precious stones, and not unfrequently, like some of the North American Indians, they had three or four of these ornaments pendant to each ear, which, unlike the Indian trinkets of the present day, at least were of immense value. The Moors of Africa were also noted for the use of the same ornaments. Many of the busts of the heathen gods have been found to have earrings, or holes pierced in the ears for that purpose. Some investigators of antiquity have considered this to be characteristic of the busts of divinities, but this opinion does not appear to be well founded, as there are many well-known statues of mortals which have the ears pierced.

WORK FOR TRAMPS.—An English magistrate, in order to inform himself as to the tasks set for tramps, has been practicing as an amateur stone-breaker. He says:—"I found three-fourths of the stones such as any unskilled man in moderate health could manage; but the remainder were beyond the power of an unpractised hand. The fact was that I did not understand the grain of particular stones, which a practised hand would have split easily; and I have no doubt that, through ignorance of the work, I exercised sufficient strength to have broken four times the quantity I did. I can understand why a weakly man, ignorant of stone-breaking, prefers to go to jail. He recommends that a copy of instructions on stone-breaking be hung in every cell, to be read to those vagrants who cannot read for themselves.

AFFECTION IN MONKEYS.—A traveler tells a story of a female monkey who was shot by a friend of his and carried to his tent. Forty or fifty of her tribe advanced with menacing gestures, but stood still when the gentleman presented his gun at them. One, however, who appeared to be the chief of the tribe, came forward, chattering and threatening in a furious manner. Nothing short of firing at him seemed likely to drive him away; but at length he approached the tent door with every sign of grief and supplication, as if he were begging for the body. It was given to him, he took it in his arms, carried it away, with actions expressive of affection, to his companions, and with them disappeared. It was not to be wondered at that the sportsman vowed never to shoot another monkey.

BLUNDERS OF THE OLD MASTERS.—Many of the old masters made amusing and curious blunders in their works. Tintoretto represented the "Israelites gathering manna," armed with guns. Cigoli painted the aged Simeon at the circumcision of Christ with a pair of spectacles on his nose, and Rubens committed the same error in his famous picture of "Mary Anointing the feet of Christ." In a picture of "Christ Healing the Sick," by Verrio, the spectators are represented as wearing periwigs on their heads. Albert Durer painted the "Expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden" by an angel in a flounced dress. The same artist, in a picture of "Peter Denying Christ," introduces a Roman soldier smoking a German pipe. A Flemish picture of the Wise Men worshipping the infant Christ, has one of them depicted in large white surplice, and in boots and spurs. In this incongruous dress he is represented in the act of presenting the child with a model of a Dutch man-of-war. An artist of the same school, in a painting of Abraham offering his son Isaac, the patriarch, instead of using a knife, as described in the Scriptures, is holding a blunderbuss to the head of Isaac. Bellini has pictured the Virgin and Child in the act of listening to a violin; in another picture he has drawn King David playing a harp at the marriage of Christ with St. Catharine. In a French picture of the "Last Supper" the table is ornamented with tumblers filled with cigar lighters. The crowning blunder is shown in a painting of the Garden of Eden, in which Adam and Eve are arrayed in their native simplicity, while in the immediate background appears a hunter in a modern sporting suit in the act of shooting ducks with a gun.

TRAVEL IN AFRICA.—Stanley's experiences in Central Africa have proved that travelling in that benighted region is not holiday sport; and yet, who is to lead a new expedition, pestered with letters from people who are anxious to accompany him. Some of those letters are most ridiculous, and betray a ludicrous ignorance of the exigencies of such an expedition. One of these petitioners, a professional musician, submitted a project seriously proposing the formation of a band, at the head of which he would, by the performance of sacred melodious airs subdue the wild negro tribes, and thus open a way to explorers through the vast African continent.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The present styles for everyday wear are borrowed largely from those for gentlemen, many of them are made of the striped and checkered cloths, which have hitherto been entirely appropriated by gentlemen. The cloth is light or dark colored, and soft in texture, and the three shapes generally popular are the "reston," the "habit" and the "jaquette."

The reston is a short semi-fitting paletot, sometimes double breasted or fastened by a single row of buttons; it is ornamented with a turned down collar, revers, small pockets and cuffs on the sleeves.

The habit is now cut like the Directoire coat, that is to say, it has a turned down collar with revers, and fastens in the middle of the chest with two or three buttons only. Below the buttons the fronts open out wide under the arms, showing the whole of the lower part of the waistcoat. The ends at the back are made of any length to suit the wearer; but as a rule they are made in length like a deep basque, or these ends or coat-tails are replaced by a plain postillion basque.

The jaquette, the latest of these modes, is a tight fitting paletot with a collar and revers, pockets at the sides and on the chest, and tabs ornamented with buttons at the edge of the back. The jacket opens to show a waistcoat of the same material, or white, or something in contrasting color.

A stylish costume is of fine woollen material of the shade known as livree, the short skirt is only ornamented by the draperies of the tunic, which is in three parts, one of them forming a puff at the back, with the edges draped on the right and left on the side seams; each upward fold being fastened by a button of engraved and gilt steel. The other two parts are draped in the same way on the front of the skirt, showing a plain space in the centre. All the edges of the tunic are bordered by a bias band of striped velvet and satin, matching the shade of the dress.

The jacket is of the wool material, with a vest of the striped trimming fastened by gilt steel buttons. The turned down collar and revers, and pockets, the tabs at the back, and the sleeves are of the striped velvet, and the dress is ornamented by no less than four dozen of the bright buttons.

To this I may add another costume, which is elegant yet quite simple. The material is India cashmere in a dark nut brown. A wide kilt pleated flounce of the cashmere is trimmed with several narrow bands of beige material silk, striped with plain brown, the shade of the dress. A band of this also edged the tunic, which opens in front, and is caught together by bows of watered silk ribbon matching the silk, and passing through large button holes.

A polka jacket of the wool material is made like a tight-fitting round basque, extending about five inches plain below the waist, and a deep kilt pleating of the same length is added on all around.

Cuffs and revers and collar of the striped silk complete the trimming.

Black velvet is one of the most popular materials for dinner and reception dresses, made in combination with brocade and satin.

Of the latter, old gold color is a favorite, and faintly visible red facings are sometimes added; but frequently the three colors—black, red, and gold—appear in the figured brocade, or the old gold shade will be used with a golden brown velvet.

Plain black velvet, or the embossed, is used in these elaborate combination toilets, for which the following hints are practically suggestive.

The richest velvet and satin dresses have a basque and single skirt, with clinging front breadths and a moderate train, which may have panier drapery, or be a court train, or else a straight flowing train. The three breadths of the front and sides are very narrow and closely gored, and are flatly trimmed with panels of beads or lace. Though sometimes draped with scarfs, they have not regular aprons, and very few have flounces, fringes being used at the foot instead. These three breadths represent a petticoat, and are often of a different color, and nearly always of a different fabric from that used for the back.

Although black dresses have been in vogue so long, they are more popular than ever this Autumn, and are made of a combination of materials.

The following are good models: Short skirt of striped black silk, bordered with two plaitings; long tunic of Sicilienne, edged with a plaiting of lace and looped up with a striped sash, or rather breadth; basque bodice, pointed at the back, and on the point an applique of passementerie, fastening down a *flot* bow of black satin. The bodice is Sicilienne, and opens over a waistcoat of cascades of black lace and *flots* of black satin ribbon.

The other is a black cashmere dress, with a deep Louis XVI. flounce in front made of dead black silk, headed with a band of black plush; three plush bands above; Polignac bodice, with large plush revers and a black silk waistcoat, fastened with large plush buttons.

Black cloth, trimmed with black watered silk, will be much worn, especially in simple jackets with a double row of buttons and watered silk cuffs.

In the formation of a stylish costume, the moire or watered silk is used for the vest, the cuffs, the collar, and the facing of the lappel or revers of the habit bodice.

Trained black silk dresses are made rich with moire vests, facings, brocaded panels, and satin accessories, as well as velvet. For instance, the waist will be a coat shape of rich brocaded satin, with plain satin vest and velvet collar. This coat will be double-breasted, fastened across the vest by two or three large pearl buttons, and simply piped on the edges. The silk skirt will have straight fronts with brocaded panels, while the flowing train will be draped across the top with panier scarfs of brocade.

All the new winter mantles are long, but very small jackets are still worn. It is the same with bonnets; they are made immense or quite tiny. Gold is by no means banished from millinery, for gold lace is used upon dressy bonnets, and the designs on both black and white blonde are outlined with gold thread.

The winter models for fashionable mantles at Mr. Wanamaker's are extremely long, and generally retain the dolman idea in vogue for the last year or so. The sleeve, however, has been modified by Worth into a flowing cape-like drapery, which is very elegant. The materials used are satin, armure, and bengaline, soft ribbed silk, in some cases both satin and silk being employed in alternate breadths. Fur is used for the edges, both skunk and black fox. On the full dress mantles lace and passementerie are adopted, and the deep Norwich fringes, twisted and plain. A beautiful Sicilienne mantle of Worth's had a square surplice sleeve and back.

Light furs are only to be worn in the evening. There is some beautiful Swedish ermine, and it is said that ermine will be used this winter for trimming bodices in the style of the chatelaine bodices of the fifteenth century.

Muffs are to be of medium size this winter. Those exhibited have either a satin or faille bow in the centre, and sometimes a bouquet of flowers. Seal and skunk muffs are most fashionable.

The newest buttons are bullet shaped. Some are in colored pearl, others in brass, steel and crochet. When two colors appear in the dress, the round silk button is of the light shade, nearly covered with crochet of the darker shade.

Every week discloses fresh novelties in millinery. The autumn bonnets are made of velvet, felt, plain silk, moire, and feathers. Ribbons and feathers are lavishly used for trimming, but fewer flowers than last season. The ornaments are tinsel, gilt, jet and garnet, curious lizards of black and gold, or of many colored tinsel, are also fashionable. Then there tinsel hummingbirds, scarabei, and butterflies, for tinsel effects, play a prominent part in this autumn's fashions. The garnet and sapphire ornaments are mostly flat pendants to feathers, or else they are set like brooches, clasps or buckles. The brims of the new bonnets are generally lined only with satin or velvet, and have neither band nor trimming inside; on the outside the long looped Alsatian bow is very frequently put. This bow is made of velvet, satin, plush, and moire ribbon, and has sometimes a different color on either side; ends pass from under the bow down the sides of the bonnet to form strings that are to be tied beneath the chin, a folded band of ribbon is placed across the bottom of the crown above the curtain band. The Alsatian bow has two long narrow loops falling down on each side of the brim, and is tightly barred or strapped across the top.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

Cardboard Work.—I hope the following cardboard work suggestions will be found of practical use to "Heather Bell," although it is difficult to make the descriptions of each as easy to understand as I would like.

To form the different kinds of gold and silver cardboard into fancy articles, it is merely necessary in many cases to use a binding of gay ribbon and lining of silk or satin of corresponding color; but when the mesh is large, the fine chenille, such as is used for embroidery, or No. 1 velvet ribbon drawn through the openings, will be found to add brightness and give a richer effect to the work, and in case the perforations are similar to the white card, floss or embroidery silk, or split zephyr, worked into some pretty set figure, will be found very pleasing in effect.

Wall Pocket for Sponges.—Take a piece of heavy pasteboard, from which cut five pieces as follows: The front ten inches long and five inches high, the back fourteen inches high and ten long, the bottom ten long and four deep, the side pieces five inches high at the front, six at the back, and four inches deep. Shape tastefully by cutting curves in the back and front and sloping the sides in an arch. Cover with enameled oil cloth; ornament this with scrap pictures, and finish with a binding of galloon or ribbon.

Wall Pocket for Letters.—Cut a piece of cardboard ten inches high and eight inches wide for the back; the pocket, or front piece, eight inches square, rounding the upper corners. Cut the upper part of the back in graceful curves, terminating in a point at the top. Cut scarlet or other bright shades of merino to fit both back and front pieces, and line with colored muslin; embroider either in colored silks or wool a pretty bouquet on each; or an applique design or a Chinese figure is odd. Bind both securely together and finish the edge with a silk cord and ribbon bows; place a fancy button with three loops of the cord at the top of back and front, and suspend by ribbons.

A Set of Wall Pockets for the Toilet.—These are cut from white Bristol board and may be ornamented in any one of the various styles. Water color paintings finish these beautifully, and scrap pictures have a charming effect. These toilet sets consist of four pieces—the brush and comb case, catch-all, sponge basket, and hair pin case. The first is made by cutting the back, front, bottom, and end pieces of proper length and width to accommodate the brush and comb. The back is cut in a point, and in the centre is ten inches high, curved downward to the point where the ends meet it, from this point it is cut straight. The front is about five inches high, and corresponds in shape with the back. The ends are also five inches high at the front, rising in a curve another inch where it joins the back.

The catch-all corresponds with the above in style, and is over ten inches in length, but wider, the bottom having the corners rounded off, which gives the front a round appearance, whereas the comb case is straight; and the front being longer than the back precludes the necessity of end pieces. These are pinned around the edges and ornamented with suitable pictures, and bows of ribbon at the points of connection.

The lower part of the brush case should be lined with glazed muslin.

The sponge basket is made with a bottom piece shaped as a half circle, and lined with enameled cloth. To this piece are attached six pieces, cut in oblong pentagons, lined with the cloth and pinned together, excepting the ends, which are sewed to the bottom. The back is formed like in the other cases, the lower part as high as the front pieces—five inches, and lined with enameled cloth. A picture upon the front of back and on each section completes it.

The hair pin case is a cluster of small cornucopias, pinked around the edges and ornamented with pictures to correspond with the other articles. Bright ribbon bows ornament each, and all of them fastened on where fancy suggests, and also attached to form suspension loops.

Wall Pocket for Letters, Cards, Etc.—Take a piece of white cardboard, or, better still, the lid of a large handkerchief box with a handsome picture. Cut a piece of cardboard of the same width and half again as high; fasten together at the bottom with muslin fringe, and pink entirely around, perforating each scallop with one or more holes. Make end pieces of silk or a pretty shade of twilled silesia, with an elastic let in a shirred ruffle at the top, and pleated in closely together at the bottom. Take four of the pretty card chromo pictures, which pink entirely around, and make perforations at each side; tie them with bows of bright colored ribbons to each side of top and front of pocket. For the reception of cards, suspend by a broad ribbon that matches the little bows.

Wall Pocket for Dusters.—Take a piece of heavy cardboard, or pasteboard, eight inches high by ten inches long, which cover neatly with brown linen, pasting colored paper cambric on the wrong side; cover another strip of the pasteboard three inches longer and seven inches high; cover with the linen embroidered in scarlet cotton, in feather or herring bone stitch. Make a bag a half a yard long, and sufficiently wide to be gathered with a shirred ruffle around the case. Gather at the bottom closely and finish with a long scarlet tassel made of zephyr. Sew heavy scarlet worsted cord around the case, with tassels at each corner and cords and tassels at each end for suspension.

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS

MRS. T. F. W. (Wellsboro, Pa.)—The firm you inquire about is entirely reliable.

A. A. (Plymouth, Mass.)—A youth between seventeen and eighteen, and who is 5 ft. 10½, is rather tall for his age.

LOUISE (Caledonia, Va.)—A young lady ought not to flirt with a young gentleman who is engaged, nor allow him draw in her into a flirtation.

MAL-DE-MER (New York).—There is no positive specific against sea-sickness. Keep the deck as long as possible if well, and lay on your back with the least possible motion if sick.

ALEX. (Orrington, Me.)—If you want to keep cut flowers in water for a long period, you should put in a little salt and frequently change the water in the vase in which they are kept.

ELLIE (Van Buren, Mich.)—A young lady, with a pretty face, an amiable temper, and cheerful disposition need by no means despair of obtaining a husband, although her figure be not good.

KOSMOS (Bradford, Pa.)—Oatmeal is not injurious to the complexion. Two lovers need not make themselves miserable by separation for the mere reason that the lady is two years older than the gentleman.

M. (Norristown, Pa.)—The best way to bring the delinquent auctioneer to terms, and make him disgorge the money he unlawfully withholds, would be to put the matter in the hands of some good lawyer.

Q. (Ashtabula, O.)—The origin of the old time phrase, "carrying the war into Africa," arose from the fact that the Romans under Scipio, after a long period of doubt, determined to invade Africa. It is used in common parlance to denote extreme intentions.

STEPMOTHER (Middlesex, N. J.)—The daughter was in the wrong in the case which you have stated. The mother may have been unreasonably harsh and provoking, but even that would not excuse any show of disrespect or disobedience on the part of the daughter.

PLAYER (New York.)—In chess queening a pawn is moving it to its eighth line of squares. The pawn so advanced must be immediately exchanged for a queen or other piece. Thus, a player may have two or more queens, three or more rooks, bishops or knights at the same time.

YOST (St. Louis, Mo.)—If you are so anxious to know what the young lady means, and how she feels toward you, you should make her an offer of marriage, when you really love her and want her to be your wife. If you do not you are not entitled to know what she means, nor how she feels towards you.

WALDO (Clinton, N. Y.)—You must read, study and meditate upon what you read and study, until you have ideas and opinions of your own on subjects of general interest, and then you will be able to take part in the conversations at social gatherings and in private parties. No man can talk unless he has ideas and opinions.

M. F. (De Kalb, Ill.)—It is a matter of discretion which you alone can decide whether it would do for you to marry a widow with two children. It is pretty safe to assume that a man who is influenced in such matters by his friends, and the opinions of others, would not be a safe man for a widow with two children to marry.

GABE (Burnet, Texas.)—It is no doubt owing to the exuberant vegetation, but in Mexico and South America, particularly fire-flies are very common, which shine by so strong a phosphoric light that a person may read by the light of three of them. The largest species have a luminous patch under the belly and one on each side of the head.

ARTIZAN (Phila., Pa.)—The faded or blackened colors of old oil paintings may be instantly restored to their original hues by touching them with deutoxide of oxygen, diluted with six or eight times its weight in water. The restored parts must be afterwards washed with a clean sponge and water. When dry rub the picture over with clear linseed oil.

B. K. LEECH (Berkshire, Mass.)A person born on the first of January in the year 1, would have been one year old and commenced his second year on the first of January of the year 2, and on January 1, 1876, he would have been 1875 years old, and commenced his 1876th year. The year 1800 was the first year of the 19th century, of which the year 1899 will be the last.

LEAH (Camden, N. C.)—You are not the first young lady who has felt herself to be forsaken, and that "there is nothing worth living for," and so on to the end of the chapter. But there has seldom been a case of that kind of forlorness so desperate as not to yield to time and the vicissitudes of life. Plenty of useful employment would be the best medicine for you.

SKEPTIC (Jackson, Kans.)—It is true that practically there is no limit to the number of changes which the kaleidoscope is capable of producing. Supposing the instrument to contain twenty small pieces of glass, &c., and that you make ten changes each minute, it would require 402,886,999,375 years and 360 days to complete the number of changes it is capable of producing.

TYRO (Stratford, N. H.)—You should bow to a married lady in the same way as you would bow to a single one. Your own good sense and taste must suggest the words to be used when paying any little attention to a lady, such as offering your arm, &c. There are numerous little points of etiquette which depend on circumstance, and must be regulated by tact, independent of any fixed rules.

O. O. O. (San Francisco, Cal.)—The best cure for a red nose—a very red nose—is by taking care of the stomach, and adopting temperate habits in everything. Go to bed early, rise early, drink no spirituous liquors, eat moderately, and nature will soon leave off keeping a sort of ledger account of your frailties on your face. A man with a face like that which Shakspeare has given to the renowned Bardolph is not pleasant, and the sooner you get rid of your "ruddy nose" the better it will be for your purse and constitution.

VERITAS (Killinger, Pa.)—You might write a note to the young lady, enclosing her letters and asking her that she return your own. Far from there being anything wrong in it it is quite the thing you should do. 2. It makes no difference whether the lady precedes the gentleman or vice versa, in entering a church. 3. General Hooker resigned the leadership of the Army of the Potomac after the battle of Chancellorsville for the reason that though an admirable division commander, the peculiar bent of his military genius unsuited him for the control of an entire army.

A. C. (Phila., Pa.)—The Chinese are very remarkable for their filial attachment. Some of the Chinese have carried it so far as to retain their father's bodies for three or four years in their own houses; and impose upon themselves a number of humiliating duties, using no other seat during the day but a seat covered with white serge, and no other bed but a plain mat made of reeds, which is usually laid near the coffin. The generality of them have such a profound veneration for the burial-places of their ancestors that they seem to despise those of their own country who, for the sake of trade or other causes come to America because they imagine that these men must leave their bones in unhallowed ground.

G. H. (Brooklyn, N. Y.)—Your question with reference to the polishing of walnut you do not make sufficiently plain. There are various processes in which varnish, oil and other substances are used. 2. It is usual in good society for the visitor to first seek out the host and hostess and pay their respects on entering the room. Consult some good work on etiquette. 3. There is no harm in using those tooth-powders which have become established in public favor. 4. There are no ancient ruins in America that at all resemble the castles of Europe. There are remains, however, in all parts of this continent which show that highly civilized nations occupied the country long previous to its discovery by Columbus.

SCHOOL UNION (La Fayette, Wis.)—The first serious attempt to grapple with the difficulties of a complete translation of the Holy Scriptures into the English language was made by John Wickliffe, who was born in the year 1324, and was educated at the University of Oxford, and afterwards became rector of Lutterworth in Leicestershire, which benefice he held until his death in 1384. His translation of the Bible was produced in the year 1380, and soon became the subject of public controversy, although, of course, it could only be circulated in manuscript. Some copies of it are still to be seen in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The price of a Latin Bible at the time was $1,500 for a copy, and Wickliffe's translation cost upwards of $250 of our money.

ARCHERY (Phila., Pa.)—The archers were a formidable part of all ancient armies, and the use of the bow seems to have been known to all nations when first discovered. The Scythians were the best ancient archers, and the English among the modern. The victories of Cressy, Poictiers and Agincourt were chiefly gained by the English archers. The Scythian bow was of horn. The English long bow was 5 ft. 6, and they were made of steel and brass. Arrows were from three to five feet. Ash was used by the English and goose feathered two of the sedges black and one white. The heads were iron and brass, with light steel points and small barbs. The strings were of hide and gut. A sheaf of archers was twenty-four, and the archer was armed with a mail and a dagger. The English archers drew to the ear steadily. A furlong was the distance of the ball in shooting at marks.

NICOMACHEAN (Baltimore, Md.)—The mind is an instrument that never works its best except at a moderately high degree of tension. A very effectual method is to tax the ingenuity with the discovery of the most perfect process. For example, if the thoughts will wander render this difficulty by attempting the routine work in a new way. If figures be the subject, try to work out the sum in a better fashion by some novel process. Invent some new formula. While curing the habit of desultory thinking you may hit on some discovery that will not only restore the mind but prove of great service to yourself and others. If a violin string began vibrating in wild fashion the player could tighten the screw until he put the string on the stretch. Do the same with the faculty of thinking. Cantering with a loose rein over a rough road is a sure way to get a fall. Avoid and resent the overtures of Thought to amuse or entertain the mind with "pictures." This is an old device of his, and as it saves folks the trouble of thinking, many are captivated and injured by the artifice. Self-control is a habit to be formed; and as the result of its formation other habits which have an evil tendency will be abandoned.

J. E. K. (Phila. Pa.)—In speaking of the power or forces which an engine exerts, it is necessary to have some measure or force, or standard of reference. That used in this country is a horse power, a force equal to that which the average strength of a horse is believed capable of exerting. This had been estimated at 33,000 avoirdupois pounds weight, raised one foot high in a minute. There have been different estimates as to the real power of horses; and it is now considered that, taking the most advantageous rate for using horse-power, the medium power of that animal power of that animal is equal to about 22,000 lbs., raised one foot high per minute. However, the other, 33,000 lbs., is taken as the standard, and is what is meant when a horse-power is spoken of. In comparing the power of a steam engine with that of horses applied to do the same work, it must be remembered that the engine horse power is 33,000 lbs. raised one foot per minute, the real horse power only 22,000, and that the engine will work for twenty-four hours, while the horse works at that rate only eight hours.